UNMAKING A VILLAGE JONATHAN MIRSKY

THE NATION

JANUARY 8, 1968 *35 cents*

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LETTERS

green buttons

Westbury, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: On December 6, while participating in a Stop the Draft demonstration in New York, we were arrested. The charge was disorderly conduct. We pleaded not guilty. We had been standing on the sidewalk while demonstrators blocked traffic. The police charged in to break the mob and free the congested streets. Police herded small bunches of people in different directions. Contrary orders were shouted from unseen faces. We stood on the street—unable to move onto the sidewalk because of the police line behind us—hands with a monitor who was trying to direct people away from the congested area. Suddenly we heard shouts of "Arrest them! Arrest him!" We were grabbed by plain clothes men, wearing small green buttons. They shoved us against the wall, then pushed us into the paddy wagon. We were not shown any police identification until we reached the Center Street jail.

The apparent growing militancy in the peace movement has begun to divide its different factions. This apparent abandonment of nonviolence does not merely include provocative actions from the demonstrators but to an uncertain degree from police infiltrators. These plain-clothes men hide in the crowds disguised as businessmen, workmen, hippies and black nationalists. This was evident in New York during the recent Stop the Draft Week. As two arrested victims, we want to publicize our observations. The majority of the arrests were made not by uniformed policemen but by these plain-clothes men. . . .

We believe that these agents, in an effort to turn public opinion against the peace movement, are greatly responsible for the more violent nature of recent demonstrations. Their activities may not be restricted to instigating violence. Their infiltration may be rooted a deeply into the membership and even leadership of anti-war groups.

We urge you all to consider our observations before criticizing the new militancy of the peace movement.

Roger Mann
Margot Eastman

ring around a Lyndon

Willoughby Hills, O.

DEAR SIRS: President Johnson at his news conference on Nov. 17 said that dissenters should count to ten. Here is one way that it could be done.

One, two three, four . . .
When are you going to stop the war?

Five, six, seven, eight . . .
Now is the time to negotiate!

Nine, ten, nine, ten . . .
Save the lives of American men!

Richard I. Briggs

the Chicago line

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: on Dec. 14, 1966, Jesse Lemisch, assistant professor of History at the University of Chicago and an occasional contributor to *The Nation*, received notice that his contract would not be renewed for a second three-year term. Two days later, Department Chairman William McNeil told Lemisch in explanation, "Your convictions interfered with your scholarship."

Lemisch's convictions were no secret. During a student

(Continued on page 62)

EDITORIALS

Best Congressmen of the Year

We have not made the award before, but *The Nation*'s best-Congressmen-of-the-year awards for 1967 go to a Republican freshman, Donald W. Riegle, Jr., age 28, and to a Democratic sophomore, John Culver, age 35.

Instead of hiding his light under a bushel and letting his constituents in Flint, Mich., make allowances for his youth and inexperience, Riegle started right out doing things on his own. Like Secretary of Defense McNamara, he is a product of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

Back in November, he wrote McNamara a letter on Vietnam in which he explained, "I have designed an information matrix to collect data that I believe is germane to the problem." As part of this project, he asked for a precise statement of the strategic importance of South Vietnam to the defense of Southeast Asia. After much persistence, he finally got this answer from Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard C. Stedman: "From a strictly military viewpoint, the United States does not require control of the land mass of South Vietnam to meet possible Communist aggression against countries with which we have treaty obligations."

Then he joined with Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) in a resolution calling for formal Congressional debate on Vietnam alternatives. Later, with data obtained from his "information matrix," he subjected Rutherford M. Poats, deputy foreign aid administrator, to a brilliant four-hour cross-examination, which has to be read in its entirety (*Congressional Record*, September 19, 1967) to be fully appreciated. Here is a sample: *Riegle*: "You are saying in essence . . . if this war were conducted in a way that required greater economic sacrifice by certain elements in Vietnam, the political instability is such that the country might fly apart; is that right? *Mr. Poats*: Exactly."

More recently Riegle heard of a group of five distinguished scholars who, under the leadership of Dr. Alexander Eckstein, professor of economics and director of the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of Michigan, were attempting to work out a proposed solution to the war. Mr. Riegle promptly got in touch with them, arranged private financing so that the research team could visit Washington, and then organized a four-hour seminar for the benefit of nineteen of his colleagues, Democrats and Republicans. The papers which the five scholars presented, as well as their proposed plan for a solution of the conflict, appear in the *Congressional Record*, December 15, 1967, pp. H-17231-H-17238. For a freshman Representative, this shows commendable initiative and reveals a first-rate mind at work on difficult problems.

Rep. John Culver is a Democrat serving his second term from the 2nd Congressional District of Iowa. He graduated from Harvard *cum laude*, studied at Cambridge, served in the Marine Corps, graduated from Harvard Law School, assisted Sen. Edward Kennedy, and then was elected to the House. Somebody made the mistake of appointing him to the House Committee on Un-

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American Activities, where he has been a dissident member. Whenever a bill is reported out by the committee, Mr. Culver can be relied upon to file a sharp minority report.

HUAC's child, the Subversive Activities Control Board, a boondoggle of boondoggles (see "HUAC Under Siege," *The Nation*, September 11, 1967), has had nothing much to do since it was hamstrung by a series of court decisions. But it provided $25,000-a-year jobs for five "deserving" hacks, and Senator Dirksen managed to keep it alive by means of a tricky amendment. Culver made a fine speech against the measure, as amended, and mustered 104 votes against it on a roll call. In the Senate, after conference, the measure received three votes in favor to two opposed, and passed. Excitement was hardly at fever heat.

Culver's role as a critic of HUAC does not seem to offend the voters in his district, which is known as "anything but secure politically" for a Democrat. In 1964 his opponent used his criticism of HUAC measures against him, but Culver won by 8,400 votes. In 1966 his margin was 11,200.

With a few more young men like Riegle and Culver in Congress, voters might be less despairing of the political process.

Brass Alibi

It is a truism that no modern army is ever defeated in the field. By an accepted military convention, the heroic soldiers and the equally heroic generals, versed in strategic lore (which none but they can understand) are betrayed by faint-hearted civilians in the army's rear. Usually this theory is kept in abeyance until the army has been clobbered, but Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, our Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has come up with an anticipatory version of the old technique. Of course the American forces in Vietnam are in no danger of defeat in the sense that Ludendorff was in World War I, or Hitler in World War II. But Wheeler is under the necessity of explaining why, with unlimited air power and a splendidly equipped army of half a million men, his commanders in Vietnam are unable to crush a rabble of half-starved local guerrillas and a modest force of North Vietnamese regulars fighting at some distance from their base of supplies. So he comes up with this dictum: "The single most important factor in prolonging the war is Hanoi's calculation that there is a reasonable possibility of a change in U.S. policy before the ultimate collapse of the Vietcong manpower base and infrastructure." Because of this putative hope, he adds, "the major campaign of the war is being fought here in the United States. . . . We are winning the war in Vietnam, but Hanoi is still not ready to give up."

The shift of emphasis is interesting. The Vietcong manpower base and infrastructure is pretty nearly on its last legs, but Hanoi refuses to cry uncle. And Hanoi's recalcitrance is supported by anti-war sentiment in this country which, while constitutional and all that, involves a "responsibility to recognize and acknowledge what their [the critics'] dissent means."

There is only one way to interpret General Wheeler's

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1968 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014, Tel.: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-2533. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 206*

No. 2

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remarks. Delivered on the eve of a Presidential election, his speech had obvious political implications; it was a kind of statement that should never be delivered by a man in uniform, much less by the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. Wheeler served notice on all prospective Presidential candidates (Democratic and Republican): Support LBJ and our boys in the combat zone or run the risk of being charged by the military with giving aid and comfort to the enemy—not perhaps in the legal sense of treason but bordering on it. He is turning the screws, particularly on those candidates who in good conscience, or in their interpretation of the national interest, might argue in favor of a negotiated peace in which neither side would be able to claim a clear-cut victory. Wheeler is in effect indicting not only Sen. Eugene McCarthy but also military men like Gen. David M. Shoup, who calls the notion that the Vietnamese War involves vital national interests "pure, unadulterated poppycock." Before Wheeler goes any further in his remonstrance with Americans opposed to what Shoup calls "genocide on that poor little country," he might try to deprive Shoup of his Medal of Honor. Between now and the first Tuesday in November, 1968, the Joint Chiefs should confine their public remarks to military matters.

Another Can of Worms

If we ever succeed in getting rid of our prize collection of leeches in Southeast Asia, Latin America may provide a worthy successor. All that is keeping it in second place now is an absence of largess on the scale of what we are disbursing to our eager allies in Vietnam.

The American-imposed solution for the civil strife that broke out in the Dominican Republic some three years ago was blazoned as a great triumph for our diplomacy, particularly for Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, now our proconsul in South Vietnam. But the Dominican solution appears to be coming apart. President Joaquin Balaguer has kept the economy functioning after a fashion with the aid of $300 million in U.S. assistance, but he is threatened with a renewed insurrection from the extreme Right, represented by Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin, who ousted President Juan Bosch in 1963. Wessin is nominally an alternate delegate to the UN, but he lives in Miami, where he is engaged in forming a new party to regain power for his gang of reactionaries. Simultaneously, the leftist leader, Col. Francisco Caamano Deno, who at least has some attributes of a patriot and went voluntarily into exile as military attaché in London, has suddenly disappeared. Bosch, at present residing in Spain, suggests that Caamano "has gone somewhere to formulate his political ideology," presumably to counter the rightist ambitions of Wessin.

As these storm clouds gather, the principal American manipulative agency in Latin America, the Organization of American States, is in its usual chaotic state—but this time worse than usual. José A. Mora, the retiring Secretary-General, has removed two OAS officials from their posts because of fiscal irregularities. The Pan American Union director in Buenos Aires was dismissed on a charge of misuse of funds which he received for the account of the Alliance for Progress; the official in San José, Costa Rica, was transferred to Washington following numerous overdrafts on his accounts. Although the OAS budget year ends on June 30, the annual audit for 1966-67 has not been published; Price, Waterhouse & Co., the accountants for the past eighteen years, have not been able to complete their audit because of "long-standing administrative confusion." The OAS has also sent a representative to the Dominican Republic to investigate reports of irregularities there. The American taxpayer is ignorant of all such unpleasantness, but since the United States contributes most of the $25 million which supports the OAS bureaucracy year after year, Rep. Armistead I. Selden, Jr., chairman of the subcommittee on Latin America, is preparing to call witnesses to ascertain, if possible, what is going on.

The OAS is riven politically as well as financially. Secretary-General Mora has fired a high-ranking Dominican official of the OAS secretariat, Luis Raul Betances, who was accused of threatening the Dominican ambassador with dismissal and other reprisals unless the ambassador backed the Panamanian candidate, Eduardo Ritter Aislan, for the post of Secretary-General. The Panamanian has been in the lead, with Argentina, Brazil and the United States backing Galo Plaza Lasso of Ecuador, and Mexico washing its hands of the whole imbroglio by abstaining. To make matters still less seemly, Benjamin Welles reports in *The New York Times* that racist considerations have entered the internal contentions of the OAS, with the integrated Central-American-Caribbean bloc resenting the pure-blooded European stock of the "big boys"—Argentina and Brazil, which have close relations with the United States. Taking it all in all, it would seem that America's ambition to run the tangled affairs of the world is faring no better in this hemisphere than in the other.

War and Taxes

In the *Illinois Business Review* Robert Eisner, professor of economics at Northwestern University, recalls that during the 1964 campaign (waged on a platform of "no wider war") President Johnson extracted from Congress the "Gulf of Tonkin" resolution, which after his election he interpreted as authorization to expand the war to its present—and not necessarily final—dimensions. The powers of the Presidency being what they are, Mr. Johnson could have expanded the war in any case, but with the resolution in hand he virtually made Congress a partner in his military enterprise.

Professor Eisner sees a parallel between Mr. Johnson's 1964 demand for an open-end authorization in Vietnam and his present demand for a tax increase. Those who favor further escalation in Vietnam may logically vote for the tax increase. Those who wish to dissuade the President from any further excesses he may harbor in that direction should oppose a tax increase.

The question is political, rather than economic. A year ago it was more economic than political. At that time Professor Eisner—and *The Nation* likewise—favored the tax increase. The reasoning was that since the war had been expanded, the cost should be borne by those who had acquiesced in the expansion, rather than be passed

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on to a later generation. A tax increase at that time would also have been a reminder to the American people that the agreeable formula—guns and butter in profusion—had its limits, and that if they didn't care to be presented with the bill they had better make their opposition to the war known to their Congressmen. To some extent, the people did just that—which is one factor in the refusal of Congress to do the President's bidding in the session just past.

But what about inflation? As a result of the $30 billion a year being squandered in Vietnam to kill, uproot and coerce its inhabitants, there has been considerable price inflation in the United States (and disastrous inflation in South Vietnam). Prices will continue to rise here in the months ahead, regardless of what is now done in the way of taxation. Curbing inflation now would require a fiscal policy so tight as to bring on a recession. Short of such drastic measures, the wartime expenditures to date must have their effects and we must endure them as best we can.

Another argument for a tax increase is that it would enable the federal government to spend more on domestic needs. With the doings of the past session of Congress on record, that assumption is naive. The political situation, in Eisner's estimation, "is such that it is inconceivable that there will be any major increase in expenditures to meet domestic needs so long as the war continues."

Eisner quotes Kenneth Boulding, president-elect of the American Economic Association: "A tax increase now would be the final abdication of Congress . . . . A determined stand against the tax increase is perhaps the last constitutional chance to resist the disastrous Presidential leadership to which we have been subjected." For another year, at least, we must put up with a President who has shown that he is as devious as he is headstrong. To open the purse strings for him still wider would be to compound folly.

As for the drain on the dollar, the answer is the same. If the Vietnamese War continues, the outflow of dollars will continue. If we wish to keep the dollar tied to gold at the present ratio, there is a clear remedy: end the senseless war in Vietnam, however greatly such a step may mortify Lyndon B. Johnson.

The Mercenaries

One of the dirtier features of our dirty war in Southeast Asia is our public relations pretense that we have staunch allies in our effort to force the North Vietnamese, in Secretary Rusk's immortal phrase, to "leave their neighbors alone." With the possible exception of Australia, which has some 6,500 troops in South Vietnam, and New Zealand, with a token force of 400, we have no allies in the proper sense of the word. We do not even have substantial contributors. The allegation that thirty-one nations have responded to our 1964 appeal for aid is just more State Department propaganda. Senator Fulbright has shown that thirteen of these purported sympathizers donated $26,000 or less from June, 1964, through December, 1966, while others have given nothing for a year or more. Still others are making money out of our Vietnamese embroilment. It adds up, in the words of a *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* editorial to the fact that "there is not a single country which on its own and out of its own resources, is helping the U.S. because it believes in the American cause. We have collected a miscellaneous assortment of mercenaries by arm-twisting and bribery as well as by outright payments."

Our chief supplier of mercenaries is South Korea, with 48,000 troops. The terms of our deal with the military oligarchy in Seoul are so generous that the Johnson Administration has covered them with a dubiously legal security classification, to forestall both adverse domestic reaction and possible demands from other "allies" for matching concessions. However, Richard Dudman of the *Post-Dispatch* has uncovered some features of the arrangement. Like the Philippines and Thailand, Korea provides the base pay for troops supplied to us; beyond that Uncle Sam picks up the tab, providing overseas pay, liability insurance, logistic support, subsistence and transportation. South Korea also benefits by U.S. purchases of supplies for the troops in that country, under arrangements that in most cases protect the bidders against competition. This is a further contribution to the fictitious South Korean "prosperity" that stems from American economic and military aid, including 50,000 U.S. troops stationed in South Korea fourteen years after the armistice and apparently for the indefinite future. Why this army could not be moved to South Vietnam and the 50,000 South Koreans be left at home to defend their own country, is another of those Pentagon-State Department mysteries, with only the public relations aspect as a possible explanation.

Another of our ardent but canny Asian allies is Thailand, governed like Korea by a military dictatorship. Not satisfied with the 2,200 Thai troops now stationed in South Vietnam (one never hears of them fighting) the Johnson Administration has arranged for a levy of 10,000 more. In return, on top of the existing flow of benefits from the United States, the Thais are to receive $50 million worth of Hawk surface-to-air missiles. Against what invading aircraft these weapons are to be used is not clear. Presumably the $1 billion of American installations in Thailand are capable of defending themselves. The approximately 1,700 insurgents in the northeast provinces of Thailand have no aircraft, and little enough of any other armament. Perhaps the trade of Hawks for mercenaries is a future element in the big push against Red China that may eventually grow out of Mr. Rusk's determination to teach the North Vietnamese neighborly manners.

Some aspects of these machinations are surveyed in an article by economist Eliot Janeway in the Washington *Evening Star*. It is an expensive deal, Mr. Janeway comments, despite our need for foreign-flag troops in Vietnam—especially yellow-skinned ones. Mr. Janeway suggests that the Thais may do no better under General Westmoreland than George III's Hessians did under General Cornwallis. The future will tell: all too clear in the present is "the way America's war-time dollar diplomacy is working. It is endowing countries in need for the most rudimentary infrastructure with the most advanced and expensive military superstructure. It is offering the primi-

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tive stratified societies of Asia irresistible incentives to forget the use of ploughshares and to make a business of trafficking in the weapons of war." Operations of this type in Southeast Asia, in the special form of trading materiel for men, makes a malignant war a little more malignant.

That LBJ Trip

Whatever else the President may be, he is the incurable, the quintessential Texan. He can do nothing in moderation. If he mourns, he mourns excessively; if he pleads, he descends to bathos; if he boasts, it is at the top of his voice, with arms flaying and fingers pointing. If he attempts understatement, the effect is so ludicrous as to be unbelievable. This is not meant unkindly: he cannot help being what he is. He is a larger-than-life Texan, and Texans, as everyone knows, are Ten Feet Tall and growing.

Consider his latest junket: 27,600 miles in 112 hours, in three aircraft—Air Force I; then a back-up plane, with emergency spares, used also to transport staff, communication experts and Secret Service agents (you can never tell about those Samoans); then a Pan-American press plane. And, for part of the trip, a fourth jet served as a cargo plane, and carried still more agents and the President's bubbletop limousine. By the President's standards, just a minor excursion, with minimum gear. As Air Force I rips through space, the President busily manages the news by making last-minute changes in the tape of his television interview, attends to various chores of state, and works out on the "exercycle" so that he will not have any idle moments in which he might just sit and think.

As stops are made. he busies himself with a variety of tasks: watches belly dancers, fire dancers and jungle drummers in Samoa; sets up shop in various hotels where he interviews visiting dignitaries "like a shop foreman interviewing job applicants"; mourns for the dead Prime Minister in Australia; twists Thieu's arm (not too painfully) in a man-to-man, Texas-style, confrontation; cheers up the boys in Thailand by making a speech at Korat at 5:30 A. M. in pitch darkness and, a little later, still another speech at Cam Ranh Bay; entertains President Ayub Kanh at Karachi, then off for Rome to talk peace with the Pope as he had talked war with Thieu, then more work-outs on the "exercycle," as showers of dispatches are sent here, there and yonder, and, finally, back at the White House for Christmas, then on to Texas—to which all Texans must return now and then to touch their mother earth and regain their giant strength.

Politicians must be all things to all people, but must they be all things to all people, all the time, all over the world, flying round trip, nonstop? What does the President think he is doing? Is he trying to make us believe, as *The New York Times* suggests, that he is pursuing all possible policies, simultaneously, all the time? And how does he see himself? As the all-time, all-Texas-Texan, just about the most lovable Old Boy that ever waded barefoot and starry-eyed in the Pedennales? Everyone knows, by this time, that Texans see themselves as sitting high in the saddle; the trouble is that others find it difficult to see them that way. So far as the President is concerned, this creates the basic credibility gap.

SAN FRANCISCO STATE

HOW TO WRECK A CAMPUS

DAVID SWANSTON
Mr. Swanston is a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle *on the Berkeley campus of the University of California.*

San Francisco

For five years, San Francisco State College squatted on the cold foggy edge of the city and quietly found answers to the problems of student unrest. The college created an exemplary free speech policy in 1962, appointed students to campus committees, supported a student-run "experimental college" and, when students protested against Dow and military recruiters on campus early last fall, sponsored a five-day series of convocations to discuss the college and the war. (See "The War on Campus," a special issue of *The Nation,* December 18.)

Three weeks ago, San Francisco State ran out of answers. A "mill-in," called to protest, among other things, the suspension of four Negro students, turned into an afternoon of violence and vandalism that closed the college and shook the campus to the core of its hang-loose ethic. White activists smashed into the college administration building, broke windows and scribbled on the walls. Negroes from off campus started fires in the bookstore and tossed rocks and heavy pots through the windows. Others roughed up white students and looted the college dining hall.

The violence was the most dramatic chapter in a series of events that began just after fall classes opened at the 18,000-student commuter college that is part of California's giant State College System. White radicals—about 100 activists from SDS and the Young Socialist Alliance—became increasingly militant and directed their energies almost entirely toward the campus. But although the activists were demanding and their techniques troublesome, SF State's administrators were able to deal with the white radicals with a large degree of success.

However, another element that had formed on campus presented SF State's administrators with an entirely new set of problems. A militant faction, about 100 of the school's 400 Negroes, banded together for a fiery pro-

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gram of "black consciousness" and "third revolution" that included weeding out "racism" within the college. The group, the Black Students Union, preached Black Power, tutored black ghetto children, and openly discussed violence as a revolutionary tactic.

In early November, a dozen Negroes, most of them members of the BSU, walked into the office of the campus newspaper, attacked its student editor, fought with a part-time journalism instructor, scattered equipment around the city room, and left.

The next day warrants were issued for nine students, and in less than a week they surrendered to police and were given interim suspensions by college president, John Summerskill. A quickly created Board of Appeal and Review later recommended that only four be suspended and letters of warning be sent to the other five. Summerskill accepted the board's recommendation.

Several explanations of the attack have been advanced. The four most widely held are these:

Student reporters on the paper believe the attack came because of a column written last spring by the editor, who was then sports editor, calling Muhammad Ali a "clown." The reporters note that the paper, the *Daily Gater,* was running a series very complimentary to the BSU at the time of the attack, and say that nothing the paper published in the fall term would have outraged the black students.

Jimmy Garrett, a BSU leader who in 1965 was instrumental in changing the group's name from the Negro Student Association, told students at the University of California at Berkeley the day after the attack that outbursts of violence by black people were "political acts." Garrett, a 24-year-old former SNCC organizer, was in the curious position of trying to explain the attack as a revolutionary tactic, while denying that the BSU had anything to do with it. In any case, he has declined to discuss his theory at length.

Willie Brown, state Assemblyman from San Francisco and attorney for the students, reportedly told Summerskill that the attack took place after the editor made derisive comments about the Negroes who were in his office.

And several professors believe the attack grew from the general feeling of frustration of being a black person in the United States. The Negro students lashed out at the college society, the professors explain, because it is the closest target, though perhaps not the most oppressive.

Whatever the cause of the attack on the *Gater*'s staff and office, the violence began a series of events that ended with a major campus disturbance. The attack was generally agreed to be a tactical, if not a moral, error. Summerskill compounded the error by issuing the interim suspensions without the slightest hint of due process. And the editor, who was hospitalized overnight, added to the fiasco by writing to the Carnegie Foundation, urging it to withhold funds from several BSU programs—including an extensive tutorial project—and vowing to get the group "kicked off campus."

The incident in the *Gater* office and the ensuing suspensions and legal action would probably not in themselves have been enough to foment a major disturbance on campus. However, as Summerskill hassled with the BSU problem, *Open Process,* the campus underground weekly (financed with funds collected from the entire student body), published a poem on masturbation by Jefferson Poland, founder of the Sexual Freedom League.

The poem enraged Summerskill. Last spring, he had suspended the paper after a series of escapades that included a full-length photo of a completely nude young woman, and several spicy articles by Poland. Summerskill agreed to let *Open Process* resume publication only after the editors promised to keep sex out of the arty tabloid. When Poland's poem appeared, Summerskill suspended the paper, its editor and Poland—again without any regard for due process.

But this time the San Francisco American Civil Liberties Union became involved, threatening court action if the suspensions weren't lifted, and the campus white radicals moved to support the two fallen journalists. Several hundred were massed outside Summerskill's office ready to demonstrate, when the young president walked out, took their microphone and announced that he had made a mistake and would reinstate the two students immediately and call for a hearing before the student-faculty Board of Appeals.

But, by readmitting the two journalists, Summerskill enraged the BSU and the campus white radicals. The reason: The two students who were readmitted were

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white; the four black students were not readmitted. This meant, as the BSU and the radicals reasoned it, that Summerskill was a racist. The activists did not note that there had been no great protest when the Negroes were suspended nor did they mention that the suspensions of the four had ultimately been recommended by the Board of Appeals. They took no account of the fact that violence had been a component of the first case, but not of the second, that in suspending the four, Summerskill had been meeting a clear and present danger of further physical attack.

Student militants formed a Movement against Political Suspensions—named after a Berkeley group organized to fight the suspension of two activists for Stop the Draft Week activities—and began planning a "mill-in," again copied from a tactic recently used at Berkeley, when students walked into office buildings, sat on desks, filled offices and closed halls, stopping work in the buildings.

But the SF State students took on only the trappings of the UC demonstrations and made two serious errors that Berkeley activists take great pains to avoid: The SF State demonstration was launched with practically no broad base of support on the campus, and off-campus demonstrators—who could not be controlled by protest leaders—were invited to join.

On the morning of the mill-in, the campus paper predicted possible snipers, and supporters from San Jose State and UC Berkeley, as well as about 100 young Negroes from Oakland and San Francisco, poured onto campus; the college closed and locked the administration building. After a series of speeches, Garrett told the several hundred demonstrators gathered outside the administration building: "We're going to close this place down now and tomorrow. Do you dig? The school is closed. You've got your assignments."

Indeed they had. Groups of young black activists roamed through campus classroom buildings, interrupting classes and demanding to be allowed to lecture on the "real history of America." Professors responded by canceling classes.

At about the same time, white radicals smashed the glass doors of the administration building, pushed their way in and roamed the halls, writing slogans on the walls and breaking windows.

After an hour, college officials announced that all classes had been canceled and asked the demonstrators to leave the building. They did. It was argued that there had been no need to enter the building, since the goal of the mill-in—to make the building inoperable—had been accomplished.

As the activists left the administration building, several thousand students poured out of the classrooms—their classes canceled—and the campus filled with curious, confused people. The clatter of shattering glass brought a crowd to the campus bookstore. Some eight Negroes, none of them SF State students, had broken the front windows and set fire to a card rack.

Suddenly, the angry young blacks turned on the crowd of students and news cameramen and drove them across campus, throwing rocks and swinging sticks. A few minutes later they left.

As the campus exploded, Summerskill, a 42-year-old psychologist who had marched in the April 15th demonstration against the war, met with his top aides and with representatives of the San Francisco Police Department. The main question: Should squads of uniformed police be called to put down the violence?

A strong argument was made for letting the demonstration run its course. Bringing police on campus also brings hundreds of students out in protest and the police —not the incident that brought them—become the issue. Several weeks earlier, the president of San Jose State College had called in the police and a noisy, but relatively harmless, demonstration turned into a near riot. The situation was bad, but Summerskill and the police officials agreed that calling in the police would only make it worse.

The violence in the bookstore and the dining hall—where young Negroes helped themselves to food and roughed up some white cafeteria workers—was probably not planned, but developed as the youths discovered that they were safe from police action. A group of hippies used the one-day immunity to sit in a circle on the wet grass, smoke marijuana and sing *All You Need Is Love*.

About four hours after it started, the violence ended. More than a dozen windows were broken and five students were injured—none seriously. Summerskill emerged from his office and announced: "I am grateful that a major human disaster has been averted."

But not everyone saw it that way. Hardly had the last sliver of glass ceased to tinkle on the SF State sidewalk when California politicians began to howl. Lt. Gov. Robert Finch said "violence cannot be tolerated." State College Chancellor Glenn Dumke, a former president of SF State, said he was "deeply shocked." Superintendent of Public Schools, Max Rafferty, said he would "like to go into those buildings and bounce those people out like ping-pong balls. And Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh called for an investigation, adding that he was "inclined to think" Summerskill should be fired.

(Of all the outcries against Summerskill's methods of handling the situation, Democrat Unruh's was the most surprising. However, Unruh's anger takes on a little more logic in this context: He plans to use support for higher education as one of his key weapons against the Reagan administration. But with each demonstration and each campus uprising, Unruh sees public sympathy swinging from his position to Reagan's.)

The trustees of the eighteen California State Colleges held an emergency meeting in Los Angeles to discuss the SF State violence and to consider sacking Summerskill. Faculty members, San Francisco police and SF State students defended the president and he wasn't fired. However, the trustees voted to conduct a sixty-day study of his "stewardship of the campus" and passed resolutions that will eventually remove from college presidents the sole authority to call police on campus, and make suspension mandatory for demonstrators who use or threaten to use violence. SF State's faculty and, to a large extent, its students closed ranks behind Summerskill to defend the college from the trustees and politicians, but the crisis at SF State is far from settled.

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The student legislature approved the appointment of Garrett as the student member of the academic senate, but the senate turned down (18 to 14) a resolution recommending that the suspensions of the four Negro students be rescinded. The faculty agreed to strike if necessary to support campus autonomy, but many professors were privately annoyed with Summerskill for spending endless hours in discussion sessions with student activists, while ignoring the faculty almost completely. And, although there were rumors that moderates were taking over within the BSU, the Negro activists called a press conference, labeled the academic senate racist, and announced that their chairman, suspended from school, was still in charge of the organization.

The obvious question: Why is San Francisco State, with its tradition of student freedom, its liberal president who is generally sympathetic to student causes, and its innovative educational atmosphere, destroying itself?

One reason is that SF State has made almost as little progress in finding solutions to the dilemma facing the black man in white America as has the country as a whole. And, since nearly all of the students at SF State live and work off campus and cannot, therefore, tuck themselves away in the never-never land of academia, the crisis of America is a very real crisis on that campus.

Black students are frustrated in their efforts to make real changes; they then become more militant and stimulate a collegiate backlash. (Campus athletes met to form a "protective association" the day after the violence.) The more whites are moved by fear and anger, the more difficult they make it for the blacks to accomplish anything and the more militant the blacks become. It's a grim circle.

Another reason for the trouble at SF State is that student leadership, which played a large role in making the college what it is, has left campus. Student government leaders who created the nationally known Experimental College and Community Involvement Program have graduated or transferred to other schools. And leaders of the student Left have disappeared into academia, dropped out, or joined national or regional peace, political or civil rights organizations.

What's left is a student government split between the radical Right and radical Left, and a group of inexperienced student activists who envision a revolution composed largely of slogans, titles and broken glass doors.

San Francisco State may well be a preview of what is in store for hundreds of colleges across the country. The city of San Francisco has no monopoly on angry, frustrated Negroes who have a rock, a book of matches and nothing to lose. The Bay Area isn't unique in its militant, discouraged young activists who have seen years of peaceful protest accomplish nothing. And California isn't the only state governed by frightened, confused lawmakers who believe stronger laws, more police and a good dose of The American Way will cure the sickness of today's society.

THE MARCHERS OF TOKYO

ALBERT AXELBANK

Mr. Axelbank, a resident of Japan since 1959, has written for the AP, UPI and The New York Times. *He reports regularly for newspapers and periodicals in North America, Europe and Asia.*

If the 1960s in America may be dubbed a "Decade of Rising Dissent," the same period in Japan will very likely be reckoned a "Decade of Mass Demonstrations." In Japan, the present decade was born amidst rousing, nation-wide demonstrations ("demos" to the Japanese) against the military link with the United States; and it will probably expire with giant street protests against prolongation of the controversial pact beyond 1970. The Japanese are the undisputed world's champion at demonstrating. Since the late 1950s, I've observed perhaps 300 political demos of one sort or another in Japan, plus a few in South Korea and Okinawa. Lately, I've witnessed anti-war protest marches in America and Canada. Those in America seem to have had feeble results, whereas the Japanese demos, generally speaking, have yielded remarkable success. Their weight has been—and still is—keenly felt in politics.

The Japanese demonstrate periodically against America's involvement in Vietnam and also against the presence of U.S. military bases in Japan. (There are about 150 American military installations of all kinds in Japan. A fact little known is that U.S. bases in Japan are, by and large, "forward bases," inasmuch as American military jet planes and warships often proceed nonstop from Japan to the fighting front.) These demos are much more frequent than one would gather from reading the American press, whose bare-bones coverage of Japan is—between major news events—limited to the occasional disaster or curiosity. (A recent story from Japan, prominently displayed in many U.S. papers, concerned the efficacy of massage on sexual behavior. Another, syndicated from coast to coast, describes how Japanese celebrate Christmas.)

What thoughtful Japanese fear is that sooner or later the Washington-Tokyo military alliance will directly ensnare Japan in a war with neighboring China. Increasingly, Congressmen, scholars, diplomats and journalists warn that the United States is itself drifting toward such a disaster. Dean Rusk speaks in sober tones of the "slippery slope to World War Three"; America's former ambassador to Japan, Dr. Edwin Reischauer, who showed that a very able scholar can make a very able diplomat, agrees: "Many Japanese look upon the security treaty with Washington as more a liability than a guarantee against aggression."

Not all Japanese, naturally, react to external and in-

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ternal problems in the same way. A minority chooses to withdraw from society, a few even embracing nihilism as an expression of their disgust with politics. But the vast majority—literate, well informed and cogitative by habit—wishes to express its views or to see them actively promoted by a responsible political party.

The massive 1960 demos did not succeed in blocking revision of the security pact with the United States; they did bring down a government. Because the CIA warned that if Dwight Eisenhower came to Japan he would probably be assassinated, the President canceled his scheduled visit. Significantly, the popular resentment against the hawkish Prime Minister, Nobusuke Kishi, whom the Allies branded a "Class A War Criminal" at the Far East War Crimes Tribunal, caused the ruling conservative party to replace him with a moderate. This change led to conciliatory gestures toward Peking, epitomized by an agreement to exchange trade missions and journalists.

Japan has a parliamentary rather than a Presidential fixed-term system. Thus it appears easier to bring down a government in Japan than to dislodge an American President and his Cabinet. But public disaffection with Japanese ruling party politics has also been significantly registered at the polls. It may perhaps be said that the cumulative effect of the protest movement in Japan, combined with active politicking by liberal intellectuals, produced in 1967 the election of the first "progressive" governor of Tokyo, which with nearly 12 million people is the largest megalopolis in the world. The victor, Ryokichi Minobe, an economist and scholar, won with the support of Socialists, Communists, students and intellectuals, housewives and trade union members. Tokyo, incidentally, is the center of the protest movement in Japan.

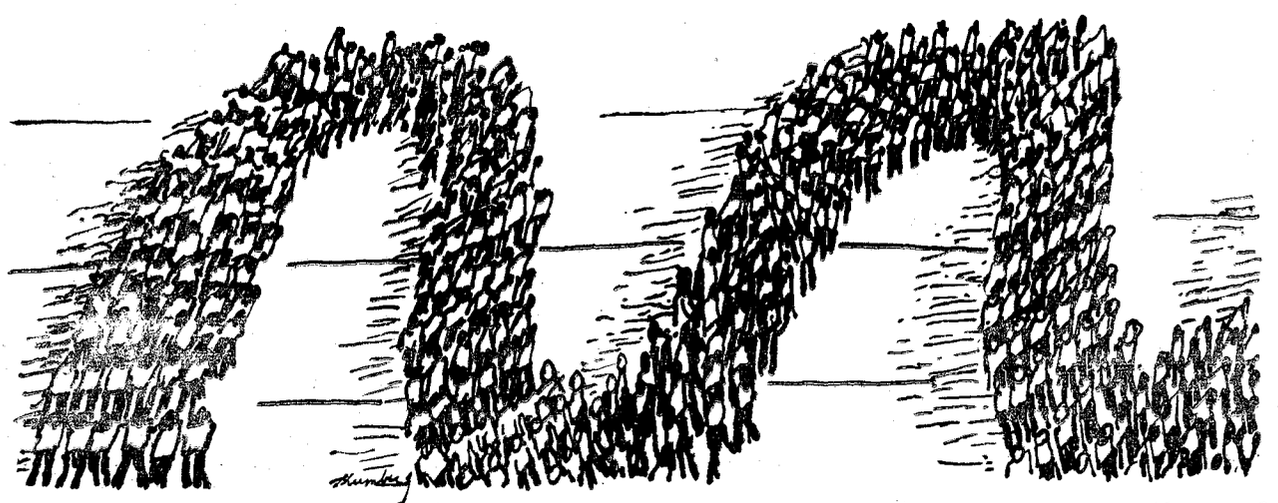
The Japanese public is assuredly the best-informed public about both sides of the war in Vietnam. More Japanese journalists and cameramen have gone behind Vietcong lines and visited Hanoi than have those of any other nationality. The spectacular action shots of aerial combat in Felix Greene's film *Inside North Vietnam* were taken by Japanese cameramen. Moreover, some Japanese businessmen make frequent trips to Hanoi and record their impressions for magazines and newspapers. Such eyewitness reports about the Vietcong and North Vietnam engender sympathy for the underdog, and fill the people with loathing for America's role. The anti-war demos in Japan have become more vehement as the United States has escalated its attack.

In response to a rising public protest against the bombing of North Vietnam (*Asahi Shimbun*, a leading daily, said 75 per cent of the people in Japan oppose the bombing), the Japanese Government decided to dispatch, on separate occasions, two "peace emissaries" to Southeast Asia and other parts of the world to learn the truth about the Vietnamese War and world public opinion. Unlike Washington's "peace envoys," the two Japanese diplomats were experts on Indo-Chinese politics. They were chosen also for their objectivity. What they announced after their lengthy investigations was that (1) basically, a civil war is raging in South Vietnam; and (2) the Saigon government is a creation of the State Department. The two gentlemen were then given polite reprimands by their government.

By this time, the people of Japan were in a mood for teach-ins about the Vietnamese War, and also for films about the expanding slaughter. Barbarous acts by Saigon government forces were shown on Japanese TV. Some newsmen reported that one U.S. general, arriving in South Vietnam, said in his first speech to his soldiers: "I want you to get out there and kill, kill, kill!"

The Japanese demonstrations accelerated. Subsequently, it became impossible for the U.S. ambassador, or the Vice President, or the Secretary of State or his assistants, or Presidential adviser Walt Rostow—when they visited Japan—to speak at the nation's leading colleges and universities. The students have refused to listen to the rationale or justifications for a policy in Vietnam which they consider indefensible. And, upon arrival in Japan, any one of these Americans can trigger almost instantaneous "Yankee Go Home!" demonstrations. Lending support to the position of the students, and to the whole anti-war movement in Japan, has been the virtual about-face made by Ambassador Reischauer, after he gave up diplomacy for the purer air of Harvard. The once lukewarm defender of Washington's Asian policies has become an outspoken critic.

Demonstrations against U.S. nuclear-powered sub-



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marines greeted Prime Minister Eisaku Sato a few days after he took office in November, 1964. Bigger demos erupted a year later when Sato visited Okinawa. These demos, demanding return of Okinawa to Japan, actually forced Sato to spend the night at a U.S. military barracks rather than at his hotel. When the first American atom-powered sub entered the port of Sasebo, southern Japan, students, trade union members, Socialist members of parliament and professional people staged a demo outside the front gates of the U.S. naval base.

These demos (many others took place against other subs) reportedly set back the U.S. military "timetable" for Japan. Washington apparently delayed by perhaps a year the announcement that it would send the nuclear-fueled aircraft carrier, *Enterprise*, to Japan. The "Big E" is likely to visit Japan early in 1968 and will, doubtless, be met by demonstrations.

Two demonstrations in Japan have had singularly effective results. One, which continued for several weeks, compelled the signing of an agreement whereby the government permitted Koreans in Japan to be repatriated to North Korea. The other forced the removal of American U-2 "spy" planes from Japan.

New York's "Stop-the-Draft-Week" demonstrations, early in December, were pronounced a "failure" by various quarters. The week of protest was billed in advance as having great importance, but less than 2,500 students turned out. Few nonstudents joined, few Negroes, no labor leaders, almost no public figures. Dr. Benjamin Spock, who takes his politics as seriously as he does his pediatrics, was a notable exception. He said many of his colleagues heartily agree with his detestation of America's role in Vietnam. Yet he came to Battery Park alone. New York's Robert Kennedy, who volubly dissents from Washington's Vietnamese policy on the Senate floor, didn't come. The grievances of the anti-war, anti-draft demonstrators are shared by Senators Fulbright, Kennedy, Mansfield, McCarthy, Gruening, et al., but these men have shunned public anti-war demonstrations. To hear these Senators talk today about the Johnsonian foreign policy is to listen to prophets of gloom.

Such lack of support is rare in Japan, where they take demonstrations seriously. Politicians, educators, intellectuals, labor leaders and housewives often link arms and march at the head of demos. Banners and signs are carefully constructed, some as big as 10 feet wide. In New York, many anti-war posters were smaller than a handkerchief.

Demonstrations in New York and elsewhere in the United States suffer from another handicap: the press is more hostile than sympathetic. I saw other problems. For instance, when a protest march in New York was halted temporarily, the leader, described by the press as "a willowy blonde," gave the marchers several alternatives, then asked: "Now what shall we do?" A rift in the ranks occurred and the protest became skeletonized.

In his December 12 address at Miami Beach to the AFL-CIO convention, President Johnson intimated that the United States is waging war to protect democratic freedoms and the right of the people of South Vietnam to determine their own destiny. This, say Dean Rusk and Walt Rostow, is what the war is all about. A few months ago in Tokyo I asked Foreign Minister Tran Van Do of South Vietnam whether Ho Chi Minh is very popular in the South. "Oh yes," he said. "Everybody knows him." And: "He's considered a hero for leading the Vietnamese people to victory against the French." Not surprisingly, sociologist-economist Gunnar Myrdal says that the American public can nowadays be convinced of almost anything by the Administration. America, says, Myrdal, is an "unenlightened nation."

CROP ALLOTMENTS

POWER BEHIND THE COTTON

PETER MARCUSE

Mr. Marcuse, a lawyer practicing in Waterbury, Conn., has been South a number of times for the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee. He is chairman of the Waterbury Anti-Poverty Board and co-author of Equality *(Pantheon).*

In the Deep South, where cotton is king, those who control cotton allocations are the power behind the throne. Black Power there would mean a Negro county office manager of the United States Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service (ASCS) more than it would mean a Negro sheriff or registrar. The effort of Negroes to obtain a role in the administration of federal agricultural programs proportionate to their numbers is as much a matter of elementary justice, if not of survival, as the effort to gain the ballot. A series of recent attempts, including a major lawsuit, designed to increase Negro participation in agricultural affairs, has involved almost every Negro and civil rights organization that is active among the tenant farmers and sharecroppers of Alabama and Mississippi.

Not many people besides the professionals know exactly what the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture is, though its jurisdiction covers the livelihood of most farmers in the South. Although Negro farmers in Mississippi and Alabama can hardly be categorized as professional, they are becoming increasingly aware of its importance to them: 92 per cent of Negro farmers in the South are engaged in growing those crops (cotton, tobacco and peanuts) for which permissible acreage allotments are established under ASCS. Cotton, in particular, cannot be grown in the United States for profitable sale on the private market; it has been conceded for decades that cotton farmers must have government price subsidy to survive. Participation in government subsidy programs

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is limited to those who agree to restrict the acreage they plant, and the ASCS determines how many acres each farmer will be allowed.

Generally, the ASCS is responsible for the administration of all federal crop allotment and price support programs, and in many Alabama counties the funds disbursed by the various offices of the ASCS are so large as to dwarf county government operations. Although Negroes may in many cases receive a proportionate share of the allocations requested by them as compared with white requests, the actual amounts received have not contributed to an improvement in their economic position. Yet that improvement was one of the purposes of the program, according to a 1965 study by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.

The ASCS has a rather simple policy-making structure. Each community (township, village) elects a community committee (generally three regular members and two alternates); all the community committees in a given county meet together once a year to elect a county committee (again generally three regulars and two alternates). Over the county committee is a state committee, of ten or so members, appointed directly by the Secretary of Agriculture.

The county committee is the key administrative organ in the ASCS, the function of the community committees being primarily to elect the county committee. Decisions at the county level affect the size of a farmer's allotment, adjust program benefits between landlords and tenants, and act on the appeals of farmers objecting to cuts in allotments. The county committee also hires the county staff whose salaries, along with the cost of operating the county office, are financed entirely by federal funds. The state ASCS committee, appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, supervises county committees and regulates elections of community and county committees.

In the spring of 1964, there were twelve members on the Mississippi state committee of the ASCS in the state of Mississippi and ten on the Alabama committee. Not a single one of them was Negro. There was an elected ASCS county committee in every one of Mississippi's eighty-two counties and in every one of Alabama's sixty-seven counties, or a total of 745 ASCS county committeemen in these two state; *not a single one was Negro*. Each county committee was in turn elected by a group of community committee delegates—in the two states, a total of more than 3,000 community committeemen. In the spring of 1964 *not one was Negro*. It would be belaboring the obvious to point out that no county office manager, the key local administrative officer of the program, was a Negro in the two states, and that no executive, administrative, clerical, or policy-making person of any nature anywhere in the whole structure of the ASCS in the two states was other than white.

Even worse, in a sense, is the situation on ASCS state committees, which are appointed directly by the Secretary of Agriculture. Until January, 1965, no Negro had been appointed by the Secretary to any state ASCS committee in the South. Since then, one has been appointed in Arkansas, one in Maryland and one in Mississippi. There was, through 1966, no Negro serving on the state committee in Alabama (now there is one), but an *all-Negro* "advisory committee" to the state ASCS has been appointed in that state! It is no wonder that, in 1965, a high official of the Department of Agriculture admitted that his department "was characterized as the 'Bad Guy' in civil rights in the federal government."

In the summer of 1964, organized efforts were made to get Negroes on the ASCS ballot and elected in a number of communities in Mississippi. Violence, intimidation, arrest and assault of poll watchers, etc., greeted these efforts; yet the attempt went on in Mississippi and, the next year, in Alabama. The odds against the success of any such attempt were tremendous. In the first place, though no formal "registration" was necessary in order to vote, since anyone "having an interest in a farm" within the community was by that fact alone entitled to receive a ballot, if the county office manager did not choose to send out that ballot, a Negro farmer had no way of forcing him to do so. What percentage of eligible Negroes was thus arbitrarily and illegally disenfranchised cannot be ascertained; the figure was high enough to produce total victory for whites in every single election in the two states.

The question of getting on the ballot was still tougher. The existing committees nominated candidates for their successors, and such nominations did not go to those whose outlook differed radically from that of their nominators. Under ASCS rules, nominations could also be made by petition, but the existing committees had the right to determine the eligibility of those nominated, and appeals from such decisions, even if they had any possibility of success, were scheduled to be heard after the election.

Underlying these procedural roadblocks are the facts of life in the Deep South. Prof. Morton Grodzins, a member of the committee asked by the United States Commission on Civil Rights to review the Department of Agriculture programs in 1964, is cited in its report as summarizing his findings as follows:

> He stated that elections for such committees pose real difficulties because in a rural community powerful people "have a great opportunity to punish their local opponents with a wide range of economic, social and political weapons." Professor Grodzins also maintained that "intimate acquaintanceship with and participation in the local community may lead not to even-handed justice but to subservience to the powerful and neglect of the weak." When a landlord-tenant relationship is added to the already powerful racial discrimination in Southern counties, the protection of the voting rights of Negro participants becomes of paramount importance if the ASCS committee system is to function properly.

The Department of Agriculture was not oblivious to its responsibilities in this area. It did, before the 1965 elections, amend its regulations to provide that nominations for the following year by incumbent committees should fairly reflect the nature of the farm groups being represented. Perhaps as a result, 12,471 Negroes were so nominated in 1965 in all Southern states, although only eighty-five of them were elected to the community committees. New procedural regulations were adopted to help insure fairness in the casting and counting of ballots, and more formal appeals procedures were set up. Un-

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fortunately those designated to administer the procedures and consider the appeals are the same white men who have always controlled the ASCS apparatus in the South.

In the summer of 1966, local Negro groups concerned with the lack of progress in the ASCS affairs, turned to the courts. North Central Alabama was the scene of the suit; a number of individuals in the counties covered (including Lowndes County), the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and SNCC were the plaintiffs. The Selma office of the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee of the ACLU provided counsel.

Lowndes and its neighboring counties were a logical scene for such action: the 1965 elections there had been so improperly conducted that the Department of Agriculture itself, in the first such instance ever recorded in ASCS history, set them aside and ordered a rerun because "the spirit of the election procedures was not complied with."

The suit specifically attacked the incomplete and discriminatory nature of the list of eligible voters; the insufficiency of the notices sent out to those on these lists; the denial of the right to examine the lists of those eligible to vote; the bias of those administering the elections, with specific reference to the all-white administrative and executive staff of the ASCS in Alabama and the all-white state committee of the Alabama ASCS; the lack of any measures to provide information about procedures in ASCS elections to the potentially eligible voters; the still inadequate appeals procedures; and finally, the unusually early date set for the election, the middle of August, which it was charged was calculated to prevent the success of local Negro groups and of outside groups concerned to assist them in voting.

The plaintiffs' major emphasis was on the obligation of the federal government to provide meaningful information to the poor farmers of the state, so that their theoretical right to participate would exist in fact. They pointed out that:

> The fact that election procedures for these elections, as written up by the ASCS itself in their simplest form for use by those administering the program on the local level, and incorporated in Handbook 7 CA, takes some 43 pages of typescript with 13 pages of amendments and exhibits, illustrates the amount of education needed to convey the pertinent facts to the poorest part of the population of a state which ranks 48th of 50 states in level of formal education.

After a brief hearing in August, the Department of Agriculture reluctantly agreed to extend the period during which ballots could be cast by several weeks; no further nominations were allowed, however, and the results of the extended voting were disappointing; still not a single Negro was elected to take any county office throughout the state of Alabama. In Mississippi, where no suit was brought, two Negro alternates in 1965 had been elected out of the 410 regular and alternate county committeemen; in 1966, every single person elected was white! The tremendous effort in the 1966 elections in Alabama did result in increasing the number of Negro community committeemen from eleven in 1965 to twenty-three in 1966 (out of more than 1,840 total); in Mississippi, life reverted to its accustomed patterns and the number fell

from twenty-four in 1965 to sixteen in 1966 (out of more than 1,641 total).

In May of 1967, the Alabama State Advisory Committee of the United States Commission on Civil Rights held open hearings in Selma in which the ASCS figured prominently. Available for the committee's use was a commission staff study detailing the lack of representation of Negroes in either regular or seasonal jobs with the ASCS, as well as the desultory results of the ASCS election procedures. Included was the fact that in 1966, in counties with Negro population majorities, 68.1 per cent of eligible whites voted, while only 49.7 per cent of eligible Negroes did so.

Other interesting statistics were mentioned without comment: for instance, in the 1964 census, Negroes comprised 65 per cent of farm operators in Lowndes County, original home of the Black Panther Party. In the 1965 elections 58 per cent of the eligible voters were Negro. In the 1966 elections, suddenly, only 39 per cent of the eligible voters turned out to be Negro. No explanation is provided for the drop. There is comment in the staff report of "considerable variation in the size of communities which select committeemen"; while the average is 231 eligible voters per community, the range is from 78 to 1,011 eligible voters. The report points out the obvious: "many of such communities have heavy majorities of one race or another and have not altered their community boundaries in many years. Some boundaries have not been altered since established." The one-man-one-vote rule does not seem to have made any inroads into the ASCS elections procedures.

The 1967 elections in most of the Southern states have just taken place. The preliminary tabulation of the results by race has been completed, and it is clear that there has been no change in the pattern of the last five years, in either results or methods. Actually, the results are clearly worse now than they were in 1966. There are still no Negroes on *any* county committee in the South; on com-

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munity committees, the total number of Negroes elected in the fourteen states fell from 113 to 100, and Negro alternates went from 545 to 451. Alabama went down just a little; in Mississippi 39 per cent fewer Negroes were elected in 1966 than in 1965, and in Texas, the percentage drop was 45 per cent. One appeal has already been filed, alleging that in Macon Co., Ala., employees of the county office deliberately solicited white votes, failed to contact eligible Negro voters, disqualified Negro ballots on technicalities not used with white ballots, etc. The procedures of the ASCS appear to get better on paper each year, but the results never seem to vary.

The legal and political ramifications of this situation are considerable and raise some interesting constitutional questions. The government takes the position that it is now conducting itself in a fair and impartial manner, implying that whatever private economic coercion is used, or whatever handicaps are imposed by lack of knowledge on the part of Negroes, are no concern of the government. But when the government provides that locally elected committees shall be the administrative agents of its programs, rather than itself retaining direct administrative control, it is not illogical to argue that it must then see that elections produce results consistent with the Constitution, as any other administrative procedure would be required to do.

One method of accomplishing this has been proposed by Donald Jelinek, who was chief counsel for the plaintiffs in the 1966 suit which won an extension of that year's election. He is now director of the Southern Rural Research Project which, in more than 2,000 on-the-spot interviews with Negro farmers in the Deep South, found that 80 to 90 per cent of them had no knowledge whatever of ASCS procedures for the selection of community or county committees. Jelinek suggests that separate positions on each community and county committee be allocated by color, the number to be based on the number of eligible voters of each color, and such positions to be filled only by voters of that color. The ASCS has to a certain extent moved in a parallel direction as far as nominations are concerned. In 1966, it required that county committees nominate minority group farmers as candidates for election in "proportion to the number of farmers of minority groups that are in the county or community." This policy was subquently changed to provide that in communities where 10 per cent or more of eligible voters are members of a minority group, the county committee must place a minority group member on the ballot, unless one has been nominated by petition. Whether the ASCS will extend this procedure to apply to elections as well as nominations is an open question: Jelinek's idea certainly raises administrative and legal as well as policy questions (it could be interpreted as another kind of segregation), but it shows to what extremes the accumulated frustrations of several years of constant effort in the South have forced those most familiar with the problem.

Are elections the proper instrument in this situation? We are not accustomed to asking this question, but here it is relevant. If the economic strength of whites, the sociological disadvantages of Negroes, and the complexities of the whole process are such as to preclude a racially fair result in elections at this time, perhaps direct administration from Washington is more consistent with democratic principles. The possibility that local democracy in the South will produce results consistent with national policy seems dim at this writing; but perhaps the answer is that local democracy, like Christianity, has never really been tried in Alabama yet. If in Alabama entrenched economic power protects entrenched political power, and political power in turn protects economic power, then perhaps the site of political power should be moved to Washington until the vicious circle is broken.

In 1965 the administration of the Farmers Home Administration, similarly run by the Department of Agriculture in Washington, specifically directed state FHA directors to appoint at least one Negro to FHA county committees in any county where 20 per cent or more of the farmers are Negroes. At least some progress can be guaranteed by this method; perhaps the best solution is one that combines election procedures which promote democratic Negro representation with controls from Washington that make sure that such representation does come about. One thing is clear: white power will control cotton allocations, and with it life-or-death economic power over black farmers, in the Deep South until the Department of Agriculture changes its policies radically.

PEACE POLITICS

CALCULUS FOR '68

ELDON KENWORTHY
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What is hard about Vietnam is that the issue is both moral and political. While compromise is the essence of the latter, especially when you see yourself as a small minority operating in a stable liberal democracy, it seems out of place in the former. The immorality of this war, when one thinks about it for a while, hardly produces a mood for politicking. Somewhere politics and morals must meet, however, if only because we cannot act in more than one way at one point in time. What follows is an attempt to re-explore that boundary in the light of the options open to us in January, 1968.

Suppose we start with goals. If there is consensus on anything among those on the Left who identify with "the peace movement," it is on the urgency of ending the

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war. And ending it in the right way: through decreasing, not increasing destruction. (This qualification is to be understood in all that follows.) A moral course of action, then, would seem to be any action that contributes to ending the war as quickly as possible.

Some actions, however, may be excluded out of hand as being inherently immoral. It is interesting that for all the analogies drawn with Hitler's Germany, and all the talk of revolution, such a class of actions still exists for most of the Left. We have what Dietrich Bonhoeffer called "the scruples of our class." But before bogging down in the ends-means question, we should ask whether any of the acts that pose this problem would, in fact, contribute to stopping the war. Only after the effectiveness of a strategy has been established need we inquire into its (to put it crudely) side effects: what it means for our moral consistency, what repercussions it will have on other goals we may seek.

But how do we judge an act's effectiveness? Obviously no one can know in advance what impact, if any, various actions of ours will have on the multiplicity of forces which govern the United States role in Vietnam. But neither do we act in a vacuum of total ignorance. In assessing strategies, we must estimate as best we can their probable impact on the real situation, including obviously the reactions they will elicit from groups more powerful than we.

Father Conner, on being reclassified I-A delinquent for having returned his draft card, was quoted as saying that at least future generations will know where he stood. That misses the point. It is not where we *stood* that will matter, but what we *did*. What we do will be judged in terms of the options actually open to us, and in terms of how effectively we exploited them in advancing moral goals; not in terms of *our* definition of the situation at the time or of the purity of our values. We know where someone stood who left Germany at the first tinge of fascism. We admire more those who stayed to put up effective opposition as long as possible.

It is necessary to spell this out since many sensitive, "moral" people choose strategies not for their political meaning—a meaning that only the national context can give them—but for their fidelity to private feeling, in this case by how accurately they mirror the anger and disgust felt for the war. This is expressive, not effective, politics. The contribution of expressive politics to ending the war is random: it may help or it may hinder, depending on how it "mixes" with the other political forces on the scene. What is immoral is precisely this failure to inquire into effects ahead of time. We engage in expressive politics when instead of asking ourselves, as the editor of the *Wisconsin Daily Cardinal* put it, "What is the problem? What can be done about it?" we ask ourselves, "What is the most radical thing to do?"

Expressive politics can be justified only when nothing is known about the situation in which we act—who the other actors are and how they will react—or when the cause is lost. If nothing we do matters, then a case can be made for recording for posterity where we stood. I cannot see how ending the war in Vietnam qualifies on either count, though if the only thing one will settle for is the immediate withdrawal of the whole U.S. "presence" from that country, then the cause probably is lost. But is it moral to demand so much? Simply stopping the bombing and the shooting matters tremendously, when one considers the importance of life.

I am, of course, making another assumption: that remaking American society at home and/or eliminating all vestiges of imperialism from U.S. foreign policy are not the *only* ways to stop the war. To be precise, while they may be sufficient conditions, they are not necessary ones. Albert Hirschman, describing Latin American intellectuals, records their remarkable ability to spin linkages between problems where linkages need not exist. Sometimes this facilitates problem solving, sometimes not. (The linkage drawn between ghetto riots and War on Poverty programs have had both effects.) In the case of Vietnam, far-flung linkages have been neither helpful nor accurate.

Punch: Ben Roth

"Had Any Luck?"

The ends-means problem also arises in another form when we realize that we are the means for the present policy. We may pay taxes, cooperate with the draft, and in countless other ways "support" the government. I doubt that the Left's tax contribution amounts to much —we probably take out in federal support to education more than we put in—or that its share of the military manpower pool is significant, but again there are things which, as a matter of personal conscience, one simply cannot do. Considerable confusion has arisen on this point because radicals try to capitalize on their *withdrawal* from Johnson's program by advertising it as the most effective strategy for *changing* that program. While on moral grounds one may have to dissociate himself from existing policies, this act may or may not be the most effective means of influencing policy. There is an important difference between an individual refusing the draft

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(and his friends supporting him) and "the movement" deciding to make the draft the central issue in its strategy to end the war. The difference is that we engage in public activity, especially concerted activity, in order to affect things on the societal level. We do not need movements to be true to ourselves: for that purpose solitary action is usually better, since it demands fewer compromises.

Where does this leave us in January, 1968? First, the goal: to end the war as quickly as possible. While remaking the society or eliminating imperialism are worthy ends, they are for the time being secondary and must not be pursued to the detriment of the primary goal. Next, the situation in which, willy-nilly, we must operate. While too complex to analyze fully here, it seems to me that the essential aspects of the situation are to be found in answers to two simple questions:

(*1*) Can the present Administration stop the war?

(*2*) Can any conceivable administration stop the war?

Since we are unwilling to wait forever, the second question in effect becomes: Could an administration elected next November stop the war? Three assessments grow out of these questions: (a) Yes on one, in which case the second question becomes irrelevant; (b) no on one but yes on two, and (c) no on both. The strategy one selects should be linked to one of these assessments.

If one sees the situation as (c), then activity aimed at stopping the Vietnamese War is irrelevant. Presumably the only means by which it could be ended would be by revolution. Given the present affluence of this society and the degree of compliance which the national government elicits from the public, *any* revolution seems unlikely in the next half dozen years, and one way or another the war will be over by then. Least likely of all is a revolution led by white radicals over an issue of foreign policy.

There are two groups which see (a) as a description of reality sufficiently accurate to act upon: those who adopt the Reston scenario of Johnson, confronted with a Republican peace candidate, outflanking him with a dramatic move toward negotiations which cannot be reversed (although they might drag on as with Korea), and those who are now adopting a strategy of "confrontation" or "resistance." Since the former is closely bound up with possibility (b), I shall discuss it in that context a bit later.

Confrontation is the strategy urged by those who believe it possible to obstruct the war effort through acts of harassment and sabotage. Specifically, it means going beyond those acts which society grudgingly permits its vocal minorities (such as "peaceful demonstrations") to acts that previously have been taboo, even with the Left (such as violations of civil liberties and of property rights, Provo-style offenses to public mores, and the deliberate hounding of public officials). The objective, as outlined by Nathan Bossen, one of the planners of Stop the Draft Week, is to change the government's policy by raising "the cost of the war in terms of political harassment, social disruption and real money costs" (*The New York Times*, November 22). While we are not here concerned with the justification of means in any terms but effectiveness, some of the novelty of this strategy is reflected in Carl Davidson's statement that "when an institution is without legitimacy [in the eyes of SDS], it is without rights, it is without the right of free speech" (*Washington Post*, November 13).

This strategy, it seems to me, is premised on an enormous error of scale. One cannot transfer tactics which worked on some campuses and in some communities to the nation at large or even to Washington in particular. "Shutting down" the Pentagon by sitting-in is inconceivable. Whatever else our government may be, it is not a banana republic whose personnel and policies can be changed by deft strokes taken by small minorities on the outside.

Even at the point where the radical Left, by its age concentration, could most affect policy on Vietnam—the draft—it still seems improbable that we could alter Washington's mind against Washington's will. For every two men who are drafted, three at present enlist. The Administration preferred the system of generous student deferments as long as no one raised the issue of equity, which indicates how little the military need campus recruits. The rate of enlistment and re-enlistment among Negroes, the other group to which the radicals might appeal, is sadly high.

Furthermore, advocates of confrontation, like the hawks, fail to see that their opponents will escalate when they do, or if they see this they fail to anticipate how much more difficult it will make obstructive tactics. In his last press conference, Johnson linked this strategy to "storm trooper bullying." He would like nothing better, one supposes, than to link all serious protest to "crime in the streets." When that happens, it will be open season for communities that want to "crack down" on dissent.

We are left with (b), the assertion that while this Administration cannot extricate itself from Vietnam, its successor might; or, in the Reston version, that under pressure from such a likelihood, Johnson might change his policy. There is some evidence for this view in recent opinion polls and in the behavior of politicians. A majority of the public became disaffected with Johnson's handling of the war in early 1966, and this majority has since grown until it now includes three out of every four of those polled (Harris Poll, taken in late October). Glassboro gave the President a brief respite, but presumably only because it raised hopes of a settlement.

Within this substantial disaffected majority, as everyone knows, there are hawks as well as doves. There are probably a large number of others who are best categorized as "tireds" and isolationists. What is significant is that the hawks have held steady over the past half year, at about one-fifth of the public. The doves and the tireds, on the other hand, have risen from 24 per cent (last July) to 44 per cent (late October). Along with the "not sure" —which, significantly, is also increasing—they constitute a majority in the nation. By doves and tireds I mean those who passed up *both* a chance to reaffirm present policy and a chance to call for a total military solution, choosing instead the item that called for "getting out as quickly as possible."

The attitude of politicians is far less easy to discern, but there appear to be some parallel trends: the Gov-

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ernors' Conference, which did not endorse Johnson's Vietnamese policy this time around; Democrats who did not seek Administration support in the last by-election; and the movement of leading Republican candidates from hawklike to sphinxlike positions. (This even includes Nixon, though not Reagan.) Sen. Eugene McCarthy probably would not have embarked on a course of challenging the President in the primaries if he felt a dove could only fall on his face.

For (b) to approach being a realistic description of the situation, two questions must be answered: When has an incumbent President who wanted a second term not gotten it? And, after 1964, how likely is it that a candidate pledged to end the war will actually do so? Perhaps 1964 should not be singled out, since both Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt similarly reversed themselves on campaign pledges to minimize U.S. involvement in foreign wars. Recent history suggests that Johnson will have little trouble getting the nomination and that only three events can stop him from being re-elected: his dying, the appearance of a strong third party, and the public's identifying the situation as a crisis and blaming him for it (cf., Hoover in 1932). As for the Reston reversal, it seems wholly unpredictable. It and the question as to how much one can trust campaign promises depend to largely on one's estimate of what the war is all about.

The United States entered this war more for ideological reasons than for any precise notion of geopolitical or economic interest. Unlike some on the Left, I do not find the first reason to have less explanatory power than the next two, nor is it less to be condemned. (If anything, it is more to be condemned, being further removed from accepted notions of national interest.) But when one compares the history of U.S. policy toward Eastern Europe with that toward Latin America, it appears that ideologically motivated policies, while pursued more single-mindedly at the time, may be easier to alter over time than economic or geopolitically rooted policies.

It is conceivable to me, therefore, that an American President could "redefine" the meaning of Vietnam in such a fashion that a peace pledge could be implemented. (Given the commitment of his prestige, however, I doubt that Johnson could do it.) This country is beginning to feel the war. Troop levels now match Korean War figures; the implications of the war for taxes and inflation can no longer be avoided. If Korea is any parallel, once a war is felt in this way, it may be difficult for a President to renege on a promise to extricate the country from a war begun by his predecessor.

Can we increase somewhat the small probability that Johnson will not be re-elected? Though small, I estimate the probability to be considerably greater than that of his changing policy or obstructing its implementation. We cannot control his health, and assassination—to canvass all logical possibilities—would rebound against us. Kennedy's assassination provoked a public demand that his policies be implemented, not changed. As for an effective third party, that too is out of our hands. Only if someone of Robert Kennedy's importance agreed to run would such a party do greater damage to Johnson than Wallace did to Truman. Without a potent candidate, the "dump-Johnson" movements have nowhere to go. That leaves the third possibility: making the war seem a sufficient crisis in the public mind that the electorate will turn to a Republican replacement who offers some hope of peace. What can we contribute to this possibility?

Here the confrontation strategy has some appeal. It is certainly capable of generating an aura of crisis. If

Manchester Guardian

"As a Republican I Object To Fighting Johnson's Bloody Election Campaign in Vietnam"

New Yorker cartoons are any indication, it pains the middle class to feel that the war has alienated them from their progeny. Massive draft-card burnings could convince the country that this is not war as usual. But we must be mindful of another facet of this strategy: the people must be willing to elect someone who promises something akin to our solution; we must create a sense of crisis but not alienate votes and opinions from the peaceful option. Here one must contend with the country's lack of experience with retreat—compared, say, with the Russians'. Americans continue to feel uneasy about withdrawal, even when their common sense increasingly tells them that Yankees can't hope to remake Asian societies. To put in bluntly, we have to make de-escalation and withdrawal respectable.

This is hard enough to do when "peace" wears bells, smokes pots and shouts such absurdities as "flower power." It will be worse if the President manages to link his critics to "crime in the streets" and fascism. The hippie influence the public has partially dismissed as college high jinks. They are wrong in that, of course, but what matters is how they see it, not how it is. I doubt that Provo-style tactics, if carried very far, will be as readily tolerated. We are a people who take violence seriously, especially when inflicted on innocent bystanders (again those *viewed* as innocent), and the village elders. This strategy, then, calls for a subtle balance: enough anger and sacrifice to arouse the nation's conscience, but great care to insure that the peace alternative is not seen as irresponsible and vindicative.

It is here that Eugene McCarthy comes in. If he and his supporters demonstrate that a dovish candidate can

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attract votes, he will have served as a stalking-horse, not for Robert Kennedy but for Nixon and hundreds of Republican pros who are (to put it mildly) ideologically flexible and eager to win. To be successful in this, paradoxically, McCarthy may need to be less liberal than he would like to appear. If Americans have no tradition of retreat, they do have a tradition of isolationism. Johnson played on this in his 1964 speech about Asian boys and American boys, and it must now be used against him. This means talking less about Vietnamese lives and more about American lives, less about all the beautiful things that could be done with the money wasted on the war, and more about taxes and inflation. We have given the South Vietnamese enough time (and enough equipment) to rally, if their hearts were really in it; having done that, it's time we came home. It would be, of course, exceedingly stupid of the Left to quarrel over the timing and labeling of American withdrawal.

I give such a strategy only a three-in-ten chance of success. Can anyone think of a course of action that has a higher probability?

THE NETTLES OF PRAGUE

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Vienna

East Europe's wind of change came late to Czechoslovakia. Long after revolutions in Hungary and Poland had stirred a cultural ferment, Czechoslovakia seemed gray and dormant. However, when at last liberalization began blowing across Bohemia and Slovakia, it produced a cultural blossoming unparalleled in the Communist world.

Czechoslovak films became pace setters at international festivals. The novels of outspoken and talented writers clambered up bestseller ladders at home and abroad. Prague's *avant-garde* painters and sculptors were publicly admired, and the abundance of new plays prompted Kenneth Tynan to call Prague the "theatre capital of Europe."

So free was the spirit that several years ago Communist apparatchiks in neighboring East Germany complained bitterly about the "intellectual poison flowing from Prague." The nettle of world communism's dogmatists, Czech intellectuals were at the same time the envy of their contemporaries in other East European capitals.

Until last spring. Then a series of seemingly innocuous events touched off a conflict, sometimes overt, sometimes covert, between intellectuals and the regime which culminated recently in the censure and expulsion of several leading writers from the Czechoslovak Communist Party and the virtual suppression of *Literarni Noviny*, the popular weekly journal of the Czech Writers' Union. The trouble began in February when the Czechoslovak Ministry of Culture was reorganized into two separate departments. Dr. Jiri Hajek, the man generally credited with creating a more tolerant cultural climate, remained in charge of education, while Karel Hoffmann, a doctrinaire functionary who had headed the party Central Committee's ideological commission, was named Minister of Culture.

For Czechoslovak writers, playwrights, film makers and theatre directors, the change portended a return to stricter ideological control. The party did little to dispel that notion when it appointed to Hoffmann's former post Frantisek Havlicek, also a narrow-minded dogmatist. During the following month, the Central Committee devoted two meetings in part to mobilization of "purist" ideological forces and to sharp attacks on several writers, film makers and the leading literary journals.

In May, a group of parliamentary deputies denounced two *avant-garde* films—Vera Chytylova's *The Daisies* [see *The Nation*, November 13] and Jan Nemec's *The Feast and the Invited Guests*—both of which had been denied public showings in Czechoslovakia. During the parliamentary debate, the films were lambasted as "junk and a waste of the public's money," while the two directors were accused of "trampling on the achievements of socialism." In June, when the Czechoslovak Writers' Union held its Fourth Congress in Prague, the feud broke into the open.

The three-day session was punctuated by angry exchanges between party functionaries and writers, most of whom are themselves active party members. Criticism of the leadership ranged from attacks upon the regime's pro-Arab stance in the Middle East war to plaintive condemnations of censorship. At one point there was a stand-up row between Jiri Hendrych, President of Czechoslovakia, and party leader Antonin Novotny's nominal heir apparent, and prominent writers who refused to be told by him what constituted "true socialism." The climax came in a speech by Ludvik Vaculik, 41, whose two novels, *A Busy House* and *The Axe*, deal critically with past blunders by the regime and the party. He bitterly denounced what he called variously "the power" or "ruling circles" for perverting the socialism they profess. Challenging opponents' right to call themselves Socialists, Vaculik accused the party and government of seeking only to perpetuate itself in power and denounced the regime for not having solved "a single social question within the past twenty years."

The outcome of the congress was a party-ordered reshuffle of the editorial board of *Literarni Noviny* and the removal of several names—notably Vaculik, novelist Jan Prochazka, and playwrights Pavel Kohout and Vaclav Havel—from the list of candidates for the Writers' Union

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Central Committee. As a result, no election of new officers was held and the organization remains, to the present, nominally without leaders.

Several days after the congress, party leader Novotny himself accused the writers of propagating "coexistence with bourgeois ideology" and failing "to recognize the class struggle." That marked the start of a long hot intellectual summer. In July, authorities staged a show trial of a young writer and a sometime film producer, both accused of subversion because of their contacts with Pavel Tigrid, a Czech-American who edits a Paris-based Czechoslovak exile magazine. Several days after the trial, a Swiss journalist, the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*'s Andreas Kohlschuetter, reputed to have good connections with Czech intellectuals, was arrested at the Czech-Polish border, detained for twenty-nine hours and expelled from Czechoslovakia, after being deprived of several documents, among them a copy of Vaculik's speech.

Two weeks after that incident came the spectacular defection of leading Czechoslovak novelist Ladislav Mnacko, who went to Israel ostensibly to protest against his government's policies in the Middle East. Mnacko, whom the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* has called "one of the most striking figures of the lost Socialist generation—a Red Hemingway," accused the Prague regime of stifling free discussion of the Middle East war, suggested that Israel's pre-emptive strike was what Czechoslovakia should have done to Germany in 1939, and charged that anti-Semitic currents and elements dating back to the trial and execution of Czech Communist Rudolf Slansky in 1952 were still rampant in Czechoslovakia.

The party responded promptly by stripping Mnacko, whose novels have reached unprecedented popularity in Czechoslovakia, of his party membership and citizenship. In truth, his departure was motivated less by scruples and pangs of conscience than by his anger over the regime's refusal to publish his latest novel, *The Taste of Power*, or by the party's dismay over his decision to sell exclusive rights to the book to the conservative publisher, Fritz Molden. Nevertheless, his flight gave the dispute between regime and intellectuals world-wide notice.

The focus was sharpened several weeks later when the *Sunday Times*, London, published a 1,000-word "manifesto" purportedly signed by 183 Czechoslovak writers, sixty-nine artists, twenty-one film and television people, fifty-six scientists and publicists and other intellectuals and "smuggled out of the country."

The document, copyrighted by FCI—Free Central European Information, a hysterically anti-Communist London-based exile group—accused the Czech regime of "conducting a witch hunt of a pronounced Fascist character" against "the entire Czechoslovak writers' community."

It appealed to the "public and writers of the entire free and democratic world" (notably Arthur Miller, John Steinbeck, Jean-Paul Sartre, Jacques Prévert, Heinrich Böll, Günter Grass, Peter Weiss, Alberto Moravia, Bertrand Russell and John Osborne) "to rescue the spiritual freedom and fundamental rights of every independent artist threatened by the terror of state powers."

The appeal was as rabid as it was contrived, completely out of character with the views of most Czech writers and with the thrust of intellectual opinion in Prague. The document was declared spurious not only by the Czechoslovak regime but by such diversified experts as the staff of Radio Free Europe, Communist playright Pavel Kohout, the *Neue Zuercher*'s Andreas Kohlschuetter, American diplomats in Prague and John Steinbeck. As one Czech writer remarked to me: "Ours is a small and tightly knit community. It is inconceivable that such a manifesto could have been circulated and signed by so many people without all of us knowing about it. I know of no one who does."

Nevertheless, writers, journalists and intellectuals in the West accepted the "manifesto" and took up the cudgels for Czech artistic freedom—to the dismay and embarrassment of the Novotny regime. Faced with mounting polemics from the writers and the reaction of dogmatists who had long warned that the intellectuals were going too far, the party was forced to take action. It moved at the Central Committee's plenary meeting late in September. Hendrych, who had been severely criticized by party conservatives for being too lenient toward the intellectuals, delivered a policy statement that showed the party's determination to retain ideological control.

"The Writers' Congress," he said, "mirrored many problems of ideology, education, culture and strong pressure from abroad." It signaled the danger inherent in a weakening of the party's leading role. Over the years, different political approaches to questions of art and cultural policy, especially in relation to Communist Party guidance, had begun to crystallize within the ranks of Communist writers. Non-Marxist tendencies had not been openly opposed. Disguised as experiments and aesthetic advances, works of art alien to socialism had begun to dominate.

And that, Hendrych assured the Central Committee, would never do. "An interpretation of political activity and Socialist commitment which aims at the promotion of alien political platforms is unacceptable. Equally unacceptable is the view that Socialist democracy can be replaced by liberalism and anarchy. Its boundaries are not the same as the boundaries of bourgeois democratic freedom. . . . The great and concentrated endeavor of our society is being stabbed in the back by the preaching of freedom, democracy and humanism stripped of their class and Socialist meanings."

For two days party functionaries marched to the platform to endorse that view. Then the Central Committee voted Jan Prochazka from its ranks as a candidate member, and expelled Vaculik, novelist and playwright Ivan Klima, and translator and critic A. J. Liehm from the party for "conduct incompatible with membership." Pavel Kohout and another writer, M. Kundera, were sharply rebuked.

Worst of all, the party deprived the influential Writers' Union of its chief platform, *Literarni Noviny*. This audacious journal, whose circulation of 130,000 had made it the leading cultural-political-economic weekly in Czechoslovakia, was placed under the management of the Ministry of Culture, and Karel Hoffmann immediately prom-

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ised that he would find a staff for the paper capable of "applying party-minded, ideological and political criteria in criticism and journalism." All but five of *Literarni Noviny*'s nineteen staff and editorial board members were fired, and those five resigned.

One week later, a pale simulation of *Literarni Noviny* appeared on Prague newsstands, and the new editor, Dr. Jan Zelenka, himself a stopgap, contributed an editorial promising ideological conformity. Its former readers were soon calling the paper "tales of Hoffmann."

A new editor in chief was installed also at *Kulturny Tvorba*, the party's own cultural weekly. And there are persistent but as yet unconfirmed rumors that the party will also divest the Writers' Union of its control over the Ceskoslovensky Spisovatel publishing house, which enjoys almost monopolistic rights to publish the works of contemporary Czech authors and, as such, provides the Writers' Union with a solid financial base.

Most writers foresaw the party's response. "I was not the least surprised," said Vaculik. Though many intellectuals tended to see the developments as putting an end to their world ("There is nothing more they can do, they have already done everything," said a dejected former *Literarni Noviny* staffer), others felt that the party had been surprisingly lenient. It was a view shared by objective Western diplomatic sources, one of whom said candidly: "I am flabbergasted by the time lag between the Writers' Congress and the Central Committee's response. Moreover, there was lots of rhetoric at the Central Committee meeting, but surprisingly little activity."

Even the writers most intimately involved admitted that things could have been worse. Said one of the expelled members: "I won't starve. I'll get severance pay for being dismissed from *Literarni Noviny*. I have a fellowship and savings to tide me over for a while and I am sure my next book will be published without any trouble."

This points to a surprising aspect of the dispute between party and intellectuals. Despite a good deal of gratuitous hostile comment, at almost no time during the past months has there been a real conflict over *literary* or *artistic* content. Indeed, during the very week of the expulsions and the suppression of *Literarni Noviny*, Prague was the scene of a cacophony of sounds billed officially as the first world festival of contemporary music in a Communist country. And at the Praha Cinema just off Wenceslaus Square, the two movies which had been banned for more than a year were being shown and advertised.

What annoys the party is not what the writers have said in their plays, novels and poems but what they put into their speeches and their political essays for *Literarni Noviny*. The issue is not artistic freedom as such but whether, and to what extent, intellectuals may thrust themselves onto the political stage.

Like Vaculik, many of the Czech intellectuals have begun to take a second look at their society and the communism to which they have pledged allegiance. They still assert adamantly, as did Pavel Kohout recently in an open letter to Günter Grass in West Germany's *Die Zeit*: "I am and remain a Communist." But they are searching for new interpretations of their credo. Revelations about communism's past have made them doubt communism's present, and they have begun to question the party's tenet that the class struggle can still be made to serve as the ultimate rationale of policy.

Said Kohout: "The revelations of the Twentieth Congress of the Soviety Party, and the concurrent recognition that revolutionary might had led to an abuse of power, delivered a psychic blow to Communist artists and intellectuals. . . . But their reaction is not a negation of communism. Our generation, a team generation, was too mature to stand before the shattered fragments of our past beliefs and just break apart. With but a few exceptions, that generation realized it had only one alternative: the continuation of the revolutionary process."

As in other Communist countries, that continuing revolutionary process has found expression in a complex of economic reforms which demand new principles of efficiency, profitability and expert management. In Czechoslovakia, where de-Stalinization came late and was never carried to its logical conclusions, this had created a chasm between the old dogmatists and the reformers, between the loyal party bureaucrats who climbed the ladder of obedience, and the new generation of technocrats who are jostling them out of their jobs. The conflict pervades every sphere of Czech society.

In the case of writers and intellectuals, the party attempted to meet the strain by imposing restrictions. The free-wheeling ways of the Vaculiks, Klimas, Kohouts and Prochazkas had triggered fear in the party's top echelons. "You have no idea," one Czech Communist told me, "how many of the conservatives and dogmatists have been saying to Hendrych and Novotny: 'We told you so.'"

Many apparatchiks, moreover, are saying the same thing about the Czechoslovak economic reforms, which are still not functioning properly. For Czechoslovakia, however, and particularly for its Communist regime, these reforms are indispensable; the freedom of intellectuals and writers takes second place. Under the circumstances, total party harmony—or at least an attempt to achieve it—won over the interests of the inellectuals.

Whether the harmony will be achieved in the foreseeable future is another matter. Since the last Central Committee meeting, Prague has been bustling with rumors of significant changes, reflective of further disharmony, within the party's top echelons.

One prominent Prague journalist, himself a veteran Communist, put it to me thus:

"Probably the writers thought that progress was not fast enough. That is why so many of them went out of their way to provoke the leadership last June. But the fact that they went as far as they did is proof that we have come a long way from the days of Stalinism. We are at a crossroads. This is a very important moment for our country. It is wrong to say, as do many in the West, that Czechoslovakia is the most Stalinist country in the Communist world. Up to now things have been very free. But what of the future? For many in the party, the liberties the writers took was proof that liberalization had gone too far. They are now actively seeking different policies. If they succeed, what then. . . . ?"

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

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D. F. FLEMING

Mr. Fleming is the author of the two-volume work, The Cold War and Its Origins, 1917-1960 *(Doubleday) and of* The United States and the League of Nations, 1918-1920, The United States and the World Court, 1920-1966 *(both Russell & Russell) and* The United States and World Organization, 1920-1933 *(AMS Press); all to be republished this year.*

Containment and Revolution is a collection of seven excellent research essays on the cold war, edited by David Horowitz, a young writer who already has a remarkable publishing record. One essay by William A. Williams on "American Intervention in Russia: 1917-1920," establishes Woodrow Wilson's aversion to revolution and describes the long struggle between his desire to aid the anti-Bolsheviks and his conviction that the Russian peoples had a right to self-determination even by revolution—a basic principle that has never troubled our later leaders in dealing with Vietnam.

Other chapters, including one by Isaac Deutscher, discuss the origins and myths of the cold war, Senator Taft's critique of containment, and the myth and reality of counterinsurgency in Greece in the 1940s and again in Vietnam. This is a valuable and interesting addition to cold-war history.

The title of *The Cold War as History* is intriguing. The book jacket says that it is "neither a polemic nor a journalistic analysis"; it is written "from the standpoint of a vision of history." The author says it "represents the common distinction between current events and history." In the close-up view, accidents seem to predominate, but later "they come to seem inconsequential" and a pattern becomes apparent. The title "represents the aspiration to do for the Cold War what Thucydides did for the Peloponnesian War, which belonged to his own present and in which he took part."

There would seem to be a suggestion here that the fifteen books published since 1960, which have been critical of our role in the cold war, belong to the current events category. Indeed, only one of these studies is referred to in Halle's book or in its bibliography, apparently on the theory that it is not necessary to take any account of them when one comes to write about the cold war "as history."

A jacket statement by George Kennan supports the view that a true historian of the cold war has arrived: "Louis Halle has done a very rare and difficult thing: which is to look at a recent period of history as though it were a hundred years in the past. He has given us, in this serene, detached and thoughtful treatise, a view of the cold war that will have a lasting effect on the treatment of the cold war in historical literature."

Halle's qualification to be our Thucydides of the cold war (that he took part in it) is important. He was in the State Department from 1941 to 1954, dealing with Inter-American affairs from 1946 to 1951 and a member of the Policy Planning Staff from 1952 to 1954. He was a close friend of Kennan, who was at the center of things. The book, then, views the cold war as it looked from the inside in Washington. Even so, Halle achieves a high degree of objectivity.

He explains, all the way through, that Stalin was a Russian first, and that any ambition in Moscow to spread communism everywhere was, "at best, secondary." For 900 years fear had been the driving force in Russia. Halle stresses the ever-recurring invasions from all sides of the great Russian plain throughout this long period, and Russian expansionism is explained as a reaction—as a "defensive expansion."

It is made clear that Stalin did not want Communist regimes anywhere that he could not control, that he worked against them in China, Yugoslavia, Albania and Greece. He wanted only defensible frontiers and would probably have preferred more Finlands in East Europe, if the dynamics of his occupations had not enforced firm control. "It is not clear that Stalin wanted to extend the area of his dominion as far West as possible."

Yet after the war "various historical circumstances put Russia in the role of the challenger, superficially, at least, in the role of the aggressor." They had "little choice but to move as they did," but then "they compelled the United States and its allies to move in response"—back into the European vacuum. It was "a situation of irreducible dilemma."

The book is founded, diffidently but firmly, on the balance of power as the inescapable law of life, inside nations and among them—(though it is fifty-four years after Sarajevo, and one more breakdown could mean the end of great nations and small). Roosevelt is censured for never "going beyond" the concept of international organization, when it is apparently meant that he should have gone *behind* it. It was "not conceivable" that Moscow would have cooperated with us in the organization of a postwar world.

The great effort of Roosevelt and Hull to organize a new league of nations which would keep the peace in cooperation with the Soviet Union having been rejected under Truman, and quickly reversed, Halle naturally attaches great importance to the number of troops under arms after the war. In contrast to "the catastrophic dismantling of our armed forces," he says, Russia "did not demobilize after the War" but kept in the armed forces 5 million to 6 million men, "battle hardened," and never went below that in the postwar period.

But in Horowitz's collection, Deutscher says that before the Truman Doctrine in 1947, "the Russians had demobilized their armies so rapidly that they reduced them from 11,500,000 men at the end of the war to less than 3,000,000. Only *after* the formation of NATO did they start remobilizing, but they had such difficulties with their manpower that in the course of another three or four years they called to arms not more than another two million men."

Beyond Deutscher's reputation for accuracy, all reason is on his side. As President Kennedy said: "No nation in the history of battle ever suffered more than the Soviet Union in the second world war"—20 million dead, and devastation "equivalent to the destruction of this country East of Chicago." Such a ruined country, with limitless need for its decimated manpower at home, could not have remained armed to the teeth ready to march to the Channel. And Halle himself makes it clear that Moscow didn't tighten its control over East Europe, nullifying the coalition governments, until *after* the Truman Doctrine.

The volume's 900-year view of Rus-

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sia's agonies from invasion is useful as background, but it fails to emphasize several things in recent history that made the Russian occupation of East Europe after the war "inevitable." In the terrible devastation and slaughter which Russia had suffered because of World War I, the Western interventions from 1918 to 1921, and World War II—*three times since 1913*—there was compulsion enough to drive the Soviets to close the invasion gates through East Europe in 1945.

The millennial explanation of Russia's control of East and Central Europe after 1945 also fails to ascribe due weight to these decisive factors:

(1) *That by turning its back on the League of Nations after World War I the United States removed the great makeweight that was necessary to keep the peace.* Left to lead the League, London and Paris, partly from weakness, chose to reject the cooperation of Russia and to appease the Fascist dictatorships. This long and dismal story is not in Halle's book.

(2) *That the British and French Governments did turn Central and East Europe over to Hitler at Munich, opening wide his way into the Soviet Union.* In several places the book shows a clear understanding of the failure of the Munich sellout. It says that Russia's military security was at stake and that the Nazi-Soviet Pact naturally followed. Yet Munich is not recognized as the great decisive turning point whose consequences could never be retrieved or evaded. Beyond the weakness with which Halle sympathizes, the Western elites did intend to let the Fascists and the Communists fight it out—to the destruction of the Reds, which was confidently expected. When Germany attacked Russia in mid-1941, the overwhelming weight of British and American military opinion predicted its destruction in from six weeks to three months.

(3) *That Britain and the United States did fight a peripheral war for two years, leaving the vast weight of the war on Russia.* This policy was forced by Britain. It is fairly characterized by John Bagguley (in *Containment and Revolution*) as a "policy of wait and see, of easy choices and leisurely exploitation." It resulted in the decision to take the long way around through North Africa and Italy, where there were few Germans, leaving the mighty German armies to grind back and forth across the face of the Soviet Union for two full years, until they were defeated.

(4) *That given the circumstances there was no way to conduct the war to checkmate Russia.* From his balance of power turret Halle strongly deplores the unconditional surrender policy announced by the Allies on January 24, 1943. He wanted the war conducted in such a way that neither Germany nor Japan would be really conquered, thus leaving no vacuums for Russia to fill. But the desperately beset Russians *did* require absolute assurance that we were with them to the end, especially since we were so long in coming to their aid. They had to know that we would not play on both sides, as Truman wanted to on July 24, 1941, "and in that way let them kill as many as possible."

After the Russians had defeated the Germans, too, Churchill yearned to get up through the nonexistent "soft underbelly" of Europe into East Europe. But there was only one way by which a return sweep of the Russians could be forestalled, by a second-front thrust through Germany no later than early 1943—with enormous casualties accepted. But Churchill had prevented that and never wanted it. Nor did we. Up to the very end the West ardently desired the Russians to keep on hammering the Germans.

This was emphatically true at the Yalta Conference in January, 1945, when the Russians were already back in East Europe. In his references to this conference Halle's lack of acquaintance with the sources is evident. He twice repeats the Yalta myth that a mortally ill Roosevelt did not know what he was doing, stating: "it is plausible that the dying Roosevelt was hardly thinking at all, that he was simply improvising his positions on the issues as they arose."

Although FDR was undoubtedly failing rapidly, the authoritative accounts of Sherwood, Byrnes and Stettinius all clearly testify that FDR held up his end of the conference notably. Even the verbatim records showed it. He may have conceded a point or two at the end because he was tired, as were the others, but he participated "on fully equal terms day after day," and he headed the grand alliance toward victory in both Europe and Asia and a cooperative peace afterward.

(5) *That until July 16, 1945—the date of our first atomic test explosion—Washington urgently wanted Russia to do a major part of the land fighting against Japan.* This was a prime concern at Yalta and it was Truman's main reason for going to the Potsdam Conference. He records in his *Memoirs* that it was the thing "most urgent in my mind," a "matter which our military chiefs were most anxious to clinch."

Halle criticizes Roosevelt for conceding gains to Russia as recompense for this deeply desired major effort in the Far East; and there is no suggestion that our first two A-bombs were dropped on Japanese cities in all haste, August 6 and 9, 1945, to try to forestall Russia's entry into the war on August 8—at the cost of nearly 200,000 Japanese lives, mostly civilians. He has not read *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam*, by Gar Alperovitz, or he chooses to ignore it. Instead of regretting the bad faith of our sudden attempt to end the war just as Russia's long and painful deployment to Manchuria had been completed, after years of urging by us, he speaks of the Red Army having "spilled out" beyond the borders of "the existing Russian empire" in the Far East.

(6) *That the Truman Doctrine was the declaration of the cold war which started its dynamos.* Halle's account of the making of the Truman Doctrine is fascinating. Truman was not competent to write a great message, so he had to depend on the bureaucracy, "operating by negotiation and compromise among its members, to provide him with a text." The result was a hodgepodge, "badly composed," lacking coherence, putting "last things first." Worst of all, "public relations specialists," who "could not possibly supply what was needed," were added and one of them threw in the sentence: "I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities."

According to Halle, in this entirely accidental way the great Truman Doctrine was born, shaking the world by forbidding all popular revolutions thereafter, a creed to which we still cling today, at spiraling costs to ourselves. The offending sentence was "so negligently placed in the text, and so negligently composed, that it could go quite unnoticed."

Yet Mr. Truman wrote a completely different account in his *Memoirs*, saying that the first version was "not at all to my liking." Filled with background materials and statistics it sounded "like an investment prospectus." So he returned the draft "asking for emphasis on a declaration of general policy." That was done but the new version "seemed to me half-hearted. The key sentence, for instance, read 'I believe it should be the policy of the United States' . . . [so] I scratched out 'should' and wrote in 'must.' In several other places I did the same thing. I wanted no hedging in this speech. This was America's answer to the surge of expansion of Communist tyranny. It had to be clear and free of hesitation or double talk." He was emphatic also about every nation being "faced with a choice between alternative ways of life." He repeated this in his radio address to the nation, along with "the key sentence. . . . . The line had to be sharply drawn."

Halle evidently believes that containment did succeed and that like all great world conflicts, beginning with the Napoleonic Wars, the cold war "ends with the

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frustration of the challenge, with its containment or defeat in one way or another."

Did it? In *Containment and Revolution* Deutscher's verdict is that "In truth, throughout the Cold War the West has not been able to record any significant or lasting success anywhere." In the same collection, Henry W. Berger adds impressive evidence that there was never any Soviet challenge and that most of our high officials knew it.

As history, *The Cold War as History* has grave deficiencies. It is mystifying that a serious historian of the cold war should begin his work with the statement: "The circumstances out of which the Cold War arose are simple enough in outline . . . the Soviet Union had suddenly, *as if by sleight of hand* (italics added), effected the military conquest of the Eastern half of Europe." And it is perplexing to read near the end of the book that: "The initiative in the Cold War had, from the beginning, been with Moscow. Obsessed throughout its history with the fear of foreign encirclement, it had throughout its history been pushing against the encircling powers."

A nation which had been nearly done to death on its own soil three times since 1913 cannot be said to be "obsessed" by a proclaimed encirclement, backed up by a monopoly of atomic bombs.

Yet this is a valuable addition to the literature of the cold war. It recognizes the Truman Doctrine as an effort "to establish a *Pax Americana* all around the globe," in "an unlimited commitment"; it exposes the myth of the Red monolith and explains the folly of extending the cold war to Asia to defend "China against Chinese, Vietnam against Vietnamese, Asia against Asians." In Asia the author sees that the United States "encircled" and pressed Russia and China together, and "under its pressure the semblance of solidarity" between them was maintained "for almost a decade"; though he would not agree that our encircling pressures on Russia in Europe were even more self-defeating and wasteful.

No one has explained better the dynamism of action and reaction which propelled the American people to the point that until after 1950 they acted "unwisely, and brought the good name of the United States into a spreading disrepute that could only weaken its influence and its cause." Halle's account of the devastation which McCarthyism wrought in the State Department and the country is particularly valuable.

The narrative ends after the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. There are excellent chapters about the Eisenhower-Dulles years, with new glimpses of the efforts of the latter "to go to the brink" and to prevent the making of peace, in Europe and Asia.

The Cold War as History closes on a very ominous note, in consonance with the author's belief that our destinies must depend on balance of power manipulations: "In the new weapons, then, lay the hope of the world, no less than its peril, as it moved on into an unknown future." We are left sitting on our H-bombs, waiting for the third and final world war, in a time when nuclear weapons are due to be achieved soon by more and more governments.

Unmaking a Village

THE VILLAGE OF BEN SUC. *By Jonathan Schell. Alfred A. Knopf. 132 pp. $3.95.*

JONATHAN MIRSKY
Mr. Mirsky teaches at Dartmouth College and New York University.

"To the villagers of Ben Suc the National Liberation Front was not a band of roving guerrillas but the full government of their village." Exactly—that is why, on the 8th of January, 1967, the village was depopulated and then erased by American forces. Americans finally are learning a lesson in Vietnam: a guerrilla movement ultimately succeeds not by terror or brainwashing but by *out-administering* the government. This means persuading villagers that guerrilla taxes are more just, and guerrilla social services more encompassing than those of the government. Once villagers know this and feel guerrilla military protection to be long lasting, the government faces two choices: admit the village is lost ("insecure") or wipe it off the face of the earth.

Jonathan Schell's remarkable and justifiably famous book, first published in *The New Yorker*, bleakly and with little comment details what took place at Ben Suc. It provoked outraged cries of "foul" in Vietnam and from some reviewers in America (notably *Time*); charges of unfairness, warping, and making a mountain out of a molehill filled the air. After all, critics pointed out, two very important NLF cadres were captured (Bernard Fall interviewed them for *The New Republic*); great tunnels and dugouts underlay the whole village; the place was being used to send NLF supplies up and down the

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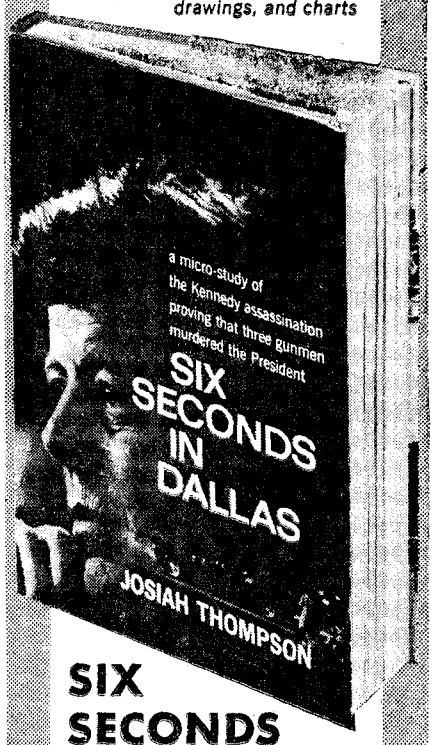

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Saigon River. Plainly what happened on January 8 was not undeserved.

The man who takes most of the credit for the operation assured me, however, that Schell's account is inaccurate. War is horrible, he conceded, and all refugee operations miserable. But this one was "the most humane in the history of the world." He told me, also, that Ben Suc had never been bombed before, was a dreadful village anyway, and had no schools. The villagers, he asserted, were better off in their new refugee camp, although they were still complaining.

How true is this? Schell tells us. The ARVN occupied Ben Suc from 1958 to 1964 (despite the fact that just before the operation the briefing officer announced, with Schell listening: ". . . it's been solid VC since the French pulled out in '56"). In 1965 the NLF took over and that year Americans bombed the center of the village. Thereafter, "Not only the destruction but the crashing of bombs and shells nearby and in the distance made life continuously nerve-racking, with everyone tensely ready to run to a bomb shelter at a moment's . notice." Indeed, leaflets dropped on Ben Suc left no question: "Do you hear the planes? Do you hear the bombs? These are the sounds of DEATH: your DEATH."

Naturally there was a school in Ben Suc. Schell saw it. The villagers told me that because they were afraid of the bombing they kept their children at home.

As for the Ben Suc itself, we know from witnesses, Schell included, what a fine place it must have been, despite assurances that the villagers are much better off as refugees. Not only did a pacification officer describe it in glowing, nearly poetic terms but we have in Schell's book a native witness:

> I play the guitar, and I liked to sing at night and drink with friends—to eat fish and drink until the sun came up. I am 31 now, and was married when I was 23. I have three children. I believe in Confucius and pray to Confucius to keep me from misfortune and to send me good luck, and for peace. On most days I would get up at 6 o'clock, eat, have a bath and then go out to the fields. At midday, I would come back, have another bath, and eat, and I would have a bath again when I stopped working at night.

There are significant elements in *The Village of Ben Suc* which students of Vietnam should note. First is the perpetual separation of Vietcong from "the people" (who are, however, termed "hostile civilians"). To admit that they might be one and the same would shatter the colossal lie of aggression which undergirds the American effort. Certain things follow. When a solitary cyclist is mowed down by a couple of GIs they at once turn him into a "VC." But such men were also husbands and fathers and residents of Ben Suc.

A recent reviewer chided Schell for not sympathizing with the Americans' lack of control over the Vietnamese government which does many wicked things. This is a second vital element, and Schell disposes of it. The Americans went to great lengths to keep the operation a total secret from their "counterparts;" so secret, in fact, that no refugee camp could be set up in advance for fear of spilling the beans. As the briefing officer said: "I think this really ought to be quite fascinating. There's this new element of surprise. . . ."

A third element is that the Vietnamese, especially the enemy, are said to be personally very cruel, while we never employ torture. Schell describes Vietnamese officers torturing NLF suspects while an American watches. All the principals are in a small room, and the only concern shown is that Schell, as a reporter, ruins the atmosphere. Another American asks him to leave. "Only the fear of force gets results. It's the Asian mind. . . . Look—they're a thousand years behind us in this place, and we're trying to educate them up to our level."

Well, yes. We certainly are educating them. And how quickly they learn—the prostitutes, pimps, black marketeers, arrangers of elections, deserters and all the rest of our students. An American captain told Schell: "There are three categories. I can't think of the third just now, but I can say that there's no middle road in this war. Either you're with us or against us." How little time, how little time. To learn to choose sides, to kill or simply to save your own life. The Ben Suc villager who used to play the guitar told Schell in the refugee camp: "Here it is safe—there will be no bombs and artillery. The crops in my fields have all been destroyed by chemicals and my elder brother was killed by a bomb. Many people were killed when the center of the village was bombed last year. Here we are protected by the American troops."

Playing for People

THE FEDERAL THEATRE, 1935-1939. *By Jane De Hart Mathews. Princeton University Press. 342 pp. $8.50.*

HAROLD CLURMAN

In America every generation seems to invent itself. Tradition is an empty word, history is a dead language, the past if not just quaint is not only obsolete but wicked. This may be farfetched. Still it is true that the greatest number among us are prime forgetters. This is what the sensible Gertrude Stein meant when she said, "Everything destroys itself in the twentieth century and nothing continues." Malraux must have written: "No man can build on the void, and a civilization that breaks with the styles at its disposal soon finds itself empty handed" for people like us.

Who now remembers the Federal Theatre of 1935-39? Jane De Hart Mathews does, and has written an objective but happily not entirely dispassionate book about it. For those too young to have known that remarkable phenomenon of the thirties, and for those so old they wish to forget it or are determined to recall it only in derision, Mrs. Mathews' book offers material for fruitful meditation.

The Federal Theatre was a project of the WPA (Works Progress Administration). The project was based on the proposition that the unemployed deserved socially useful jobs. The aim of this venture was to preserve the talents of unemployed actors, directors, designers and stagehands, and to bring the results of their talents to an audience of Americans virtually untouched by commercial theatre.

It was, to begin with, a relief project, more concerned with remedying the devastating unemployment problem of the depression years than with art. But the woman appointed as director of the WPA, Hallie Flanagan, realized that the project could serve its social purpose not only by creating jobs for theatre folk but by converting it into a true theatre on a national scale.

"At its height," Mrs. Mathews tells us in her admirably documented book, "the Federal Theatre employed approximately thirteen thousand people in projects scattered over thirty-one states." Hallie Flanagan was no mere functionary: she knew theatre intimately and explored its finest manifestations everywhere. The project became a political football kicked around by various interests whose most destructive arm was represented by Congress. Hallie Flanagan's dream and accomplishment were shattered by reactionary politicians.

Here are a few of the project's accomplishments: By mid-season of 1937, *Fortune* magazine reported, the project had played to approximately 16 million

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people and over the same period took in $80,000 at an average admission price of 30c. The all-Negro *Macbeth* had played for 144 performances, was seen by 130,000 people, grossed $40,000, and broke a nine-year attendance record. T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* ran to crowded houses and was seen by a total of more than 40,000 people. The Children's Theatre piled up an attendance of more than 250,000 in its first eight months; the New York Marionette Theatre reached 1.5 million in its first two years. John Houseman produced *Doctor Faustus* and Labiche's *Horse Eats Hat,* directed and acted by the then unknown Orson Welles. Virgil Thomson wrote music for the latter play; Abe Feder did the lighting.

The project developed a new theatre form, the *Living Newspaper,* of which the most memorable example was *One Third of A Nation,* designed by Howard Bay. Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock,* though momentarily suppressed, still reached the stage through the determination of Orson Welles and his associates, abetted by public support. Eight hundred plays (including Shaw and O'Neill cycles) in six different languages were presented in innumerable towns most of us had never heard of, for audiences that had never before seen a curtain go up. It is an exciting record.

Some will say that any government sponsorship of theatre must always end as an impediment to artistic freedom. This may have been true during the New Deal years: "Culture!" one Congressman screamed, "what the hell—let 'em have a pick and shovel," a sentiment more discreetly echoed at the time by a *New York Times* editorial. Such sentiments may still hold for some citizens (didn't Harry Truman some years later declare most artists "bums"?) but it is hardly true in Sweden, France, Germany, and thus far in Britain. But this is not the issue at the moment; I am not one who seeks to "save the theatre" through propaganda for the establishment of a National Theatre.

What the Federal Theatre story indicates is that despite competition by all the mechanical media there is still a real appetite for "living" theatre in this country, which can be further whetted and developed if certain conditions are set up for the purpose—which Broadway won't and can't do. The first and essential step is to divorce the idea of theatre from the rule of entertainment for profit. Out of necessity our government in 1935 was obliged to undertake the task; the results proved that for all the opposition, hazards, pitfalls—amply illustrated in Mrs. Mathews' book—impressively creative work can be achieved.

The project also demonstrated that under truly committed, imaginative, knowledgeable leadership a rebirth of vital theatre in this country can be effected. The boards of too many of our "permanent" companies are artistic ignoramuses. If the lessons implied in Mrs. Mathews' book were followed we might in time develop a new impetus in our theatre instead of being exhilarated to the point of silly ejaculations every time a "good show" (*The Little Foxes,* for example) is produced.

Nation Book Marks

ALAN CHEUSE

Mr. Cheuse is a fellow in comparative literature at Rutgers University.

GAME IN HEAVEN WITH TUSSY MARX. *By Piers Paul Read. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 160 pp. $4.95.*

Read's approach to the novel is as refreshing as his personal mark upon it is repulsive. The "game" here is a dialogue in the anteroom of heaven among Karl Marx's daughter, a duchess and a snotty young Englishman. Below on earth people are massing for revolution. To amuse his companions, the young Englishman improvises upon the events below, invents the history of Watkinson (a party member who sells out to the CIA) and of Hereward, a leader who sells out for love, moves on to debauchery, and returns shriven to head a puritanical revolt. Tussy Marx worked for socialism but she died for love—poisoning herself when her lover turned from her. Love is the stronger drive, the genuine magnet, the young Englishman informs us by way of his narrative.

A second "game" here is with the form. The time of the discussion is indeterminate—good for Heaven—but the narrative is spaced and titled in such a way—"Five Years Later," "Ten Years Later"—that a sense of chronology is imposed on the revolutionary portions: occasionally a snippet of an unnamed Latin revolution turns up to give the sense that all this is arbitrarily invented, yet concerning more than the specific revolution below. Once there is even a reference by number to an earlier page of the book. Thus an extended jibe at left-wing sentiment becomes a *jeu d'es-*

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prit whose mechanism is more interesting than its snide contents.

THE VALE OF LAUGHTER. *By Peter De Vries. Little, Brown & Co. 352 pp. $5.95.*

"Call me, Ishmael . . . call me anything you want, Ish, baby," is the cultural wisecrack that opens this long narrative of the life and death of an epic practical joker. There are dozens more, such as, "Is my craft ebbing?" The answer is no. De Vries has more skills than most lampoonists of the American scene, particularly in his description of Joe Sandwich and his wife making love while plugged in to data-recording equipment. But beneath his slick surfaces the water is 2 inches deep.

Joe Sandwich was a stockbroker and liked his job. If he and his wife dressed in funny costumes to have sex it's all in the spirit of that great home remedy, laughter. Wally Hines, who narrates the last third of the book, is a pedantic expert on comedy; only after Joe has died because of his negligence, does he discover that the joker had cuckolded him. Ironic? Well, things work out so that he can use his passions in a practical, homey way. This is an adolescent book, written with the skill of an octogenarian, and it offers no redeeming social value whatsoever.

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES. *By Shirley Hazzard. Alfred A. Knopf. 179 pp. $4.95.*

Having worked at the United Nations for ten years, Miss Hazzard would appear now to be at the job of wrecking it. Mutual characters link these eight "Portraits from Organization Life," seven of which are set in an unnamed glass structure on the East River, one in the Mediterranean. From secretaries to section heads, those who are supposed to be aiding the people of the world are all in need of assistance to the arid and depressed areas of their own souls and underdeveloped hearts. A florid departure from the prepared text of the director's speech can cause more debate than world problems; a man's "permanent" contract is not renewed; mounds of paper orders yield a mouse of action. Miss Hazzard depicts the ennui of the modern bureaucrat with pity and her mastery over the commonplace of file cabinet and cafeteria does not diminish the effect of her rage at the rise of hollow men. The first chapter begins with a torrent of jargon and the last ends with a carefully composed buck-passing letter that any modern machine might be proud of. As Pandar said to Troilus while the young knight teetered on the brink of the inhumane, "*Every*body does it."

CAUGHT IN THAT MUSIC. *By Seymour Epstein. The Viking Press. 307 pp. $5.95.*

Against a background of New York in 1939—World's Fair, the breakup of the Federal Theatre Project, the ideological side show of the Communist Party and the drift into war—young Gould pursues a sensuous understanding of himself and his relationship to his family, friends and tthe world. Epstein plots the tale neatly, but in his effort to encompass the mediocre and the sublime, turns the action on crucial metaphors. They work when he is dealing with things (a piece of pastry "as big as a fielder's glove"); but not with states of being ("She revealed the raw, ugly sores of her disappointments. . . . She would meet him with her latest rage hot in her eyes, and even though they were to make love, and she would lose herself temporarily in other fires . . . the first blaze was more enduring."). Like Gould playing handball, he shows "a generous gift of muscle" and some neat tricks on his serve; but he confuses athletics with aesthetics.

FROM A NOVEMBER JOURNAL

In my flight jacket,
hole in my sole
and maple brimstone fallen,
I'll strike for Eden.
Hawk cast, black
elderberry, grow
light in light snow;
question mark
squirrel tail,
flow at half-mast
that rhinestone veil.
Predictable hand,
feel day's eye
daisy,
loving you not
though elegant
still
and frozen:
count ten
on your doomsday air
and run for eleven,
knocking acorns
over inclined earth
before trying heaven
—presto, Augustine!
'love with ***care,***
and then what you will,
do.'
Brother, upon Eden
I'll set my shoe—
but first, curious
in frabjous light,
I run my hand
across the furious
land of my face—oh
and hurt my hand:
It is my own kid
face I run over.
November's
rough for flight
in a flight jacket
that partially hid
two lovers.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

The great thing about Westerns is that they make life simple, and the audience knows immediately who to root for. Now the whole image has been blown sky high by the revelation that the name (Paladin), slogan ("Have Gun, Will Travel"), symbol (a chess knight) and calling card of one of television's good guys were borrowed without compensation from an automobile mechanic, who was incensed enough to sue for a share in some of the TV loot that the serial has earned.

The mechanic, Victor DeCosta of Johnston, R. I., used to dress in black and wear a fierce mustache, just as Richard Boone later did on TV. At rodeos, parades and other public events he passed out cards bearing his symbol and slogan, once again just about as Boone did later.

DeCosta brought suit, won a $150,000 verdict from a Providence jury, and then had the decision struck down by the United States Court of Appeals, an action recently upheld when the Supreme

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Court declined to review the appeals finding.

If DeCosta failed, from lack of copyright, to get some of the television-series money, he did win vindication. The appeals court rejected the testimony of the show's writers and producers that they had imagined the Paladin character out of thin air; details were too similar to DeCosta's characterization of a decade before the TV series began. The 59-year-old mechanic, the court said, "has had the satisfaction of proving the defendants pirates." The defendants in the suit included C.B.S., which telecast the show from 1957 to 1963, and C.B.S. Films (now C.B.S. Enterprises), which still syndicates the series.

Boone, we're happy to note, had no part in the piracy. He's still a good guy.

IN MEMORIAM

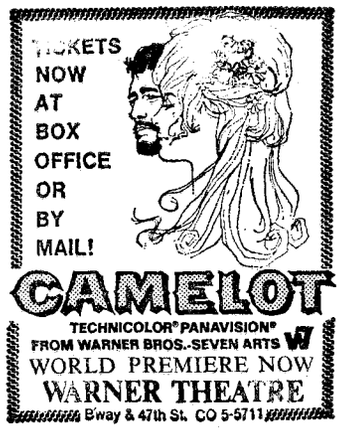
Irving Gitlin died the other week, a victim of leukemia. He was a producer of some fine documentaries for radio and television, but his importance and influence in the field of broadcasting extends far beyond the product of his keen and compassionate mind.

What I find most significant about Gitlin's career—he was only 49—is that, though apparently destined by education, inclination and temperament to a career in education, he turned to broadcasting and found in it work worthy of his talents. He did teach for a while but after four years with the Marines during World War II, joined C.B.S., where he won many honors before going on to N.B.C., then his own production company and more distinguished awards.

Many of his series or programs were mentioned in the obituaries—*Out of Darkness* (on mental illness), the N.B.C. White Papers, *The Nation's Nightmare* (on crime), and others. One of his real achievements was not.

In the 1950s, he took over a series called *The Search*, an investigation of man's quest for knowledge through research projects in the nation's universities, after most of the series' funds had been exhausted by others in fruitless, fiction-form experimentation. Gitlin not only brought the series back to reality; he stretched the remaining money, wangled more, reoriented the programs and produced a series that both a general audience and the intellectual community found admirable.

He dealt in the actual accomplishments and aspirations of man, and by his sensitive handling and uncompromising standards of excellence he brought much honor to broadcasting as well as to himself. He gave his audiences much more than he ever got and showed the industry where its pride and honor might be found.



ART

MAURICE GROSSER

Mr. Grosser, artist and writer, is the author of The Critic's Eye *(Bobbs-Merrill).*

Taranto, Italy

Taranto lies on the instep of Italy just where the heel begins, an easygoing town quite out of character with that unbridled dance, the tarantella, which bears its name. The island and two adjacent points of land on which it is built shut off a bay from the Ionian Sea to form a natural harbor. It has no famous monuments and few tourists, good seafood, wine of three colors, white, red (which is really pink) and black, and a lively and well-dressed population whose early evening promenade produces a daily and expected traffic jam. It is one of the oldest towns of Italy, begun in 708 B.C., as a Spartan colony imposed on an earlier Greek or Mycenaean settlement. It was one of the richest of the city states of Magna Graecia, later a prosperous Roman City. Today it is the principal Italian military base.

Its museum was established late, in 1907, and occupies a compact and severe structure in the center of town, a disaffected Spanish convent dedicated to S. Pasque di Baylon. The collection it displays is principally of local origin—ceramics, terra cottas, sculpture and jewelry—coming for the most part from tombs that are brought to light each time a sewer is dug or a new building constructed. In fact, the showcases are named for the streets where the objects were found—Via Messaria, D'Aquina, Via Duca dei Abruzzi (where my car was being serviced). The tombs themselves, difficult to visit because in the cellars of private houses, have, most of them, murals like the Etruscan tombs farther north. The objects they have preserved make up the most complete collection of Greek ceramics to be found outside the Archaeological Museum of Athens or possibly the British Museum, so rich a collection that there is room for only a small portion to be displayed.

Vases such as these were never intended to serve as ordinary tableware, even in a palace. They were domestic treasures, precious possessions to be proudly displayed in cabinets. Many, in fact, are decorated only on the side which was to be seen. They were art objects, costly enough to serve as prizes in the great athletic contests and honorific enough to accompany the dead on their last journey.

Taranto, provincial and rich, from the beginning imported the best. Almost no vases of local origin are to be found in tombs earlier than the 3rd century B.C. The oldest of the vases, from the end of the 8th century B.C., are decorated with linear patterns in the Geometric style. Some of them might be mistaken for the work of American Indians; a few retain the older characteristic Mycenaean shapes.

Beginning with the 7th century B.C., on to the middle of the 6th, almost all the vases come from Corinth. The geometric motifs disappear, to be replaced by motifs derived from people and animals, and there is greater variety and fantasy in the shapes—small perfume bottles, for example, in the form of rabbits, goats, feet in sandals, bulls' heads with men's faces, etc. Along with this Corinthian ware, there are also imports from the Ionian Islands, from Rhodes and Chios, and a considerable collection of the rarest of all Grecian ware, pottery from Sparta.

Before Lycurgus took over, Sparta was a Greek city state like any other, and like many others made and exported its local art. Very little of the pottery has survived. It has been found only here in Taranto, in Cyrene in North Africa—another Spartan colony—and in Sparta itself. The clay of the vessels is pale gray and very fine, the pottery walls extremely thin. The shapes are sparse and sober. There are bowls decorated with fish and geese, a cup with Zeus and his eagle and, particularly beautiful, a two-handled cup with no decoration at all save a broad band of black and the natural elegance of its proportions.

Somewhere between 575 and 550 B.C. the Attic imports begin to appear and quickly they take over the market. The oldest of these are still, like the Corinthian, in the black figured style—that is the figures are in black silhouettes on the red or tan background of fired clay. But the Attic decorations are more lively with much finer detail—cups with tiny dancing satyrs, or banquets with the diners reclining on high couches, feeding from small tables placed below them, and watching the cavorting en-

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AS I COME HOME

The players cry
"Reason" in Hamlet
And it is a ghost.
My own face
Shuffles at the windowpane.
Whatever I look through
Is deception—clear as that
Ghostly player crying
"Reason" when I hear "Revenge."
And murder is loose
On the broad highway,
My family digging for
Shelter as I come home,
Saying,
I give you this gift
Of reason.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

tertainers. Three big jars, all from the same tomb, are marked with the symbol of Athens—Athene leaning on her staff beside a column on which is perched a rooster. These jars, according to the inscriptions on them and the scenes of sport depicted, were prizes awarded for wrestling in the quadrennial Athenian games. Since there are three, it is reasonable to suppose that the defunct to whom the jars belonged held the wrestling championship for twelve years.

The red figured style, where the background is painted black and the figures are left in the natural color of the clay, came in about 530 B.C. and henceforth was adopted as standard technique. Around 450, the white figured style appeared and lasted only till the end of the century. All the white figured vases have the same shape, a sort of cylindrical bottle with a foot called a lekythos, and the scenes depicted on them—Oedipus and the Sphinx, a group of mourning women, and so on—seem to indicate that they were made only for funerary purposes. The drawing is in black on a white ground. To judge from the character of the line, it was apparently executed with a Chinese-style conical brush held at right angles to the surface. Here is the high point of Greek vase painting. The drawing has an economy and a precision found only in the finest Chinese scrolls, and furnishes one of the few hints we have as to how classical Greek painting might have looked.

At this point in the collection, from one room to the next, the work on display loses all character and quality. The preceding vases are all imports from Greece itself. The pottery one comes to now is of local origin and quite inferior. Taranto has begun at length to manufacture its own. The end of the 4th century B.C. is the critical date. From that point on the shapes are less interesting and the drawing hasty and florid. Signed pieces disappear, to be replaced by mass production. The same degeneration occurs in the vases made in Greece itself. Perhaps the Tarantine factories had forced the mainland workshops into mass production too. At any rate, the classical tradition of ceramics is now dead, and its epicene survivors, here and in Greece, are equally inferior.

Then, quite unexpectedly, a new, unclassical style appears, a revival as sudden and as radical as our own modern art, with vigorous new shapes and bright new colors. The first of such pieces shown at Taranto were found near Gnatia—molded black ware with raised patterns picked out with color. And next, even more striking and handsome, a set of 2nd-century polychromes found near Canossa—tall vases in bright colors, pink, blue-green and white, enhanced by touches of gold, on a pale terra-cotta ground, and decorated with little figures both in the round and raised in bas-relief. The vases are of strange proportions, graced with a sort of folk-art elegance and completely without Attic influence. The style is perhaps of Alexandrian origin; examples have been found in that vicinity. At any rate it is clearly part of that renaissance in art called Hellenistic, which abandoned the classical forms to pursue a humane realism and a delineation of motion, a renaissance which is responsible for such marvelous still existing works as the little jockey in the Athens museum or, in the museum at Rabat, the bronze head of a youth said to represent King Jube II, son-in-law to Anthony and Cleopatra. This renaissance is particularly well represented in the Taranto museum's collection of terra cottas.

It is more than likely that most of the figurines we know as Tanagras are actually from Taranto. Its terra-cotta production was enormous. The museum possesses a complete collection, from the 7th century B.C. down to Imperial Rome—some 40,000 examples, and not only the objects themselves but even the molds from which they were cast. The earlier are all cult objects: ex-votos, figures of the gods, of Demeter, of Kore, of Dionysius and the two Dioscuri, heroes of Spartan origin held in much honor here; images of the dead, and replicas of fruit and vegetables to be used as offerings. The very earliest were individually made, but by the 6th century, mass production had begun. The figures were cast from molds but then, perhaps, retouched, for some are signed. Much of this early work is commonplace. A few pieces, like an archaistic fragment of the thighs and torso of a warrior, are extremely beautiful. The really wonderful ones are later—Hellenistic—and made not as cult objects but as *objets d'art*—little figures in the

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Tanagra style, tiny ladies with their beautifully coifed small heads, moving in voluminous gowns which conceal of the body everything except its grace and carriage. Such dressmaking as this, and such depiction of speed and motion, are to be found nowhere else in classical antiquity.

To supplement this show of grace there is the most complete array of Greek and Roman jewelry I have seen—diadems composed of pointed pink sea shells, of oak and laurel leaves imitated in thin gold; one diadem with gold and enamel flowers poised on springs which shivered as the wearer moved; earrings with birds, with geese, with dolphins; silver and bronze mirrors whose backs bear scenes with figures in high relief; pins, brooches, pendants, rings and bracelets, more precious in their design than in their gold and stones. There are also some fine Roman mosaics and some sculpture—an Eros in the Praxiteles style, with cool transparent flesh; a sarcophagus from the time of Hadrian—imported from an Athenian workshop: it is in Pentelic marble —deep cut with illustrations from the Trojan War. Venice has a similar one from the same workshop. Also a head of the young Augustus with those markedly outstanding ears which seem to have been a characteristic of the Julian clan.

There is also a display of treasures—hoards of coins found buried in the ground or plastered up in a wall, hidden away from relatives and thieves and then forgotten. These are mostly in the coins of Taranto and the nearby cities and are stamped with the Tarantine youth on a dolphin, the wheat head of Mesapontum, the bull of Sybaris, the tripod of Croton. There is a Byzantine treasure, an Arab treasure, and even a 19th-century treasure marked by the heads of Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe. The most touching one was found in the tomb of a child —a rusted bronze piggy bank containing a treasure of tiny silver obols, none larger than the cross section of a pea.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 34)*

sit-in protesting university cooperation with Selective Service, earlier in 1966, he praised the students in the face of nearly unanimous faculty attack. Before and after, he had been active in left-wing campus activities. His scholarship, likewise, has not been characterized by deference. His work on American colonial history has attempted to reconstruct a distinctive "ideology of the inarticulate," in a department dominated by historians (such as colonial historian Daniel Boorstin) oriented to finding in America's past a history of ideological consensus. McNeil, however, has stated that the judgment against Lemisch was a scholarly one and (his remark notwithstanding) that Lemisch's politics were never "mentioned . . . during the deliberations." When questioned further he has stressed the "confidentiality" of these proceedings. Lemisch is at present on a one-year terminal appointment.

Is a political firing alien to the present spirit of the University of Chicago? Three months after the sit-in, Soia Mentschikoff, senior professor of law, stated: "I consider any member of the faculty . . . who urged students to participate in the sit-in in the Administration Building as lacking judgment . . . . In connection with any appointment, this evidence of lack of judgment would be a factor that I personally would weigh." . . .

At about the same time, Daniel Boorstin wrote in a nationally syndicated column that "reputable institutions" had been over-tolerant of dissenting professors. Perhaps most revealing of the Chicago faculty's attitude to dissidence, discussions with Staughton Lynd concerning a one-year appointment at Chicago were discontinued in the summer of 1967, after he made a public statement in support of Lemisch—which some of Lynd's prospective employers called evidence of "bad judgment." . . .

The same attitude toward dissidence extends to students, both present and prospective. A second, nonobstructive sit-in in 1967 led to the suspension of fifty-eight students. Earlier, an applicant to the university who mentioned activist inclinations, and said that his father had been fired for political reasons during the McCarthy period, was rejected after then Admissions Director Charles O'Connell wrote in his file, "We have enough kids here who cause trouble," and, "You can see what kind of a family he comes from." . . . O'Connell is now Dean of Students.

Accusations of political repression at the University of Chicago tend to be discounted because of Chicago's reputation as a libertarian institution. Yet the list is growing of Chicago dissidents who have been quietly smashed by their colleagues or the administration. To them—if not to the professors who bask in the conflict-free atmosphere maintained by these very acts of repression—it is increasingly apparent that Chicago's libertarian reputation is no longer deserved. *Christopher Z. Hobson*

demise of the parties

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: There isn't much that an ordinary citizen can do for his country other than try to be a good citizen, and, on occasion, congratulate those whose power to influence public opinion is great, and who use it to strike at the sappers who undermine our traditional democratic institutions.

Your publication, Dec. 11, of the article by Democratic Cong. George E. Brown, Jr., of the 29th California district, "I Am Tired of Your Gimmicks," is worthy of such congratulation, as is your editorial, "John Wayne's Green Beret" and its exposure as fake and fraud by *Variety*. . . .

It is encouraging to note that Mr. Brown detects "some faint sign that the American two-party system may . . . present to the electorate a reasoned choice of policies in next year's election." I believe there is a rapidly mounting public conviction that, unless the major parties do reestablish adherence to principles of political morality by which they may be distinguished and disciplined, we shall witness the demise of our long experiment of government by representatives of parties which once were meaningful political commitments, alike to the elected and the electorate. . . . *Charles H. Meacham*

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